

# THE DOLL MAN

Autumn  
Issue

*Quarterly*

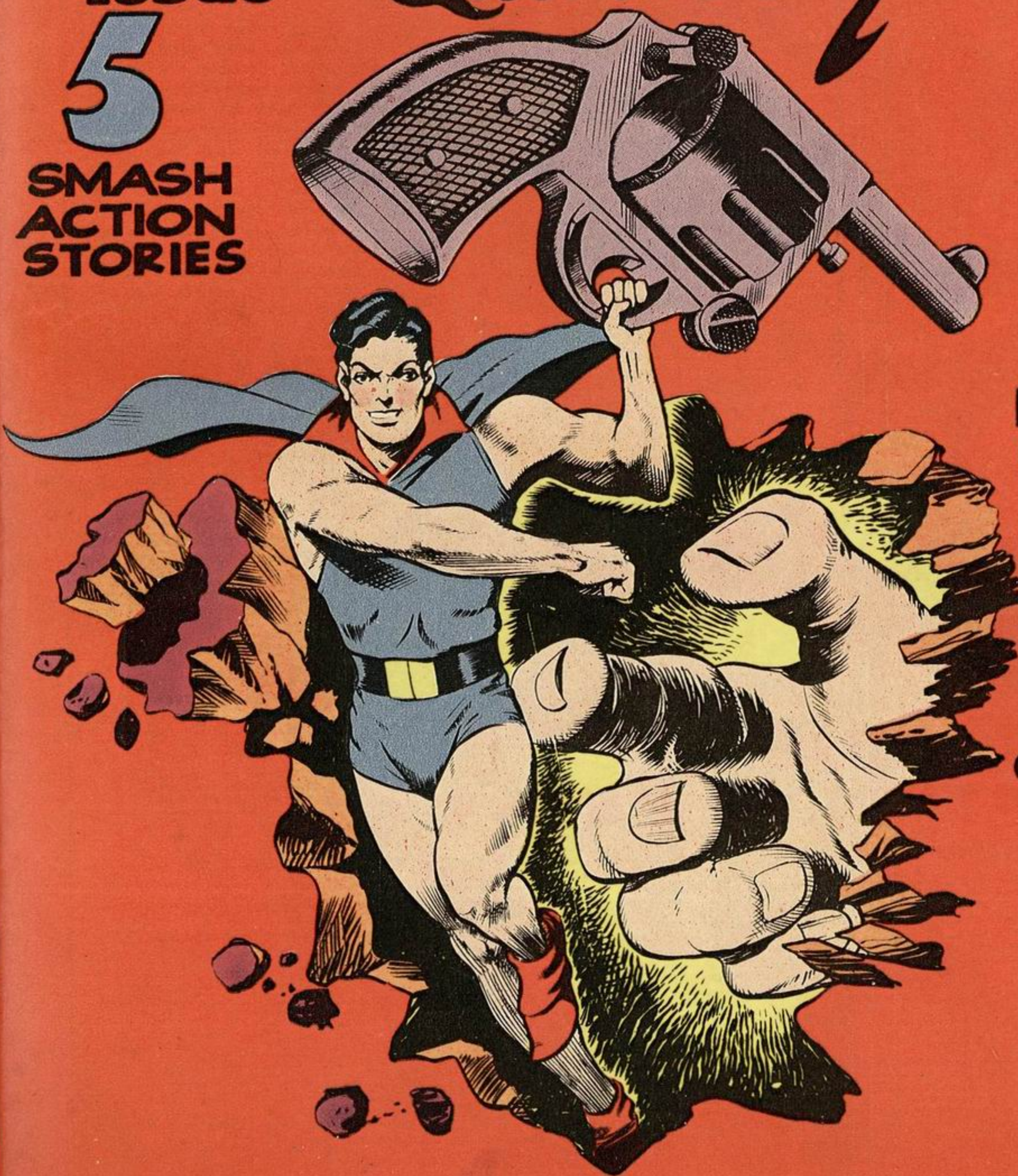


SM  
★  
A

5

SMASH  
ACTION  
STORIES

10¢



DOLL MAN  
BATTLES  
*the*  
PHANTOM  
DUELIST

•  
BLACK  
GONDOLIER  
AND  
MANY  
OTHERS





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# Now



# BOYS

**FOR THE FIRST TIME**  
*a few dollars*  
**makes you proprietor of**  
**a one-man print shop**

\* As proprietor you enjoy profits equal to three times labor, and once you acquire the art of making money . . . the world is yours.

## THE CROWN

CHASE 2 1/2 x 5 1/2  
 SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY PRICE  
**Only \$5.85**

Heavy gauge, all steel construction with girder cross beams. Double toggle hi-pressure handle. Stands 11 in. Pure latex ink roller for all year-round service. Automatic revolving ink plate. Metal chase with lock-up screws. Two boxes 12pt Standard foundry metal Copperplate Gothic, spaces, riglets, etc. Adjustable back plate simplifies make ready. Ink and try sheets. Step-by-step instructions.

## PONY KIT \$4.95

Consists of 2 boxes 12pt Copperplate Gothic, font of small Gothic (8pt on 12), 24pt Outline, pkg 12pt quads & spaces, wood type case, tweezers, 1/4 lb. black ink, 50 Xmas cards or announcements with envelopes. Reg. val. \$6.85. Special with press \$4.95

**SEND NO MONEY**

**LIMITED OFFER!**

# Big New PRINTING PRESS

**A Marvelous Money-Maker for Bright Boys**

**IF YOU** are ambitious and work you can quickly build a business, establish an enterprise. And, who knows what this activity may lead to? Many famous printers, publishers, advertising men, got started the same way.

**HOW TO GET GOING**—Go to the owner of your nearest Grocery or Drug Store and tell him you can at small cost print postcards listing **WEEK-END SPECIALS**. Keep the type standing . . . make changes from week to week . . . feature one item this week, another next, etc. You now have a regular job every Friday. Next, see a Funeral Home. Memorial cards with dates are now a part of every service. This is particular work, non-competitive and pays 300% profit.

**MORE FOR YOUR MONEY**—B. Franklin, America's first great printer, originated this type of handpress. Now, modernized, simplified, streamlined, and built, not one at a time, but on a production basis with parts stamped out like auto bodies—lighter, stronger and cheaper than castings—the idea that makes possible this

sensational **LOW** price. All the savings of this scientific method are passed on to you. You get an unbelievably big value for your money. Double toggle action provides multiple force impression. Clean. Sharp. Speed, 1000 an hour.

**SPECIALIZE**—With no high overhead the whole field of small job printing is open to you. Tags, tickets, billheads, office and shop records. . .

**BUSINESS CARDS . . . MOVIE TITLES**  
**IMPRINTING DEALER'S NAMES**

Church & Lodge tickets, meeting notices, menus, dance programs, slips, price lists, envelopes, special labels, blotters, line cuts, electros, linoleum blocks, coarse screen halftones, simple color work.

**SEND NO MONEY** unless you wish. Mail order today before steel prices advance. **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**. 7 Day Trial. If ordered C.O.D. give Bank references or attach \$1; balance on delivery. Prices f.o.b. factory.

## MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

If you are not more than satisfied with your press and the fun it provides, back comes your money, without question. Return in resalable condition. Used type bought at market prices.

**PECK BROTHERS, 2985 Whitney Ave., Mt. Carmel, Conn.**

**PECK BROTHERS** Amt. Enc. \$.....  
 2985 Whitney Ave., Mt. Carmel, Conn.

Please send the following:

Crown Press \$5.85      Pony Kit \$4.95

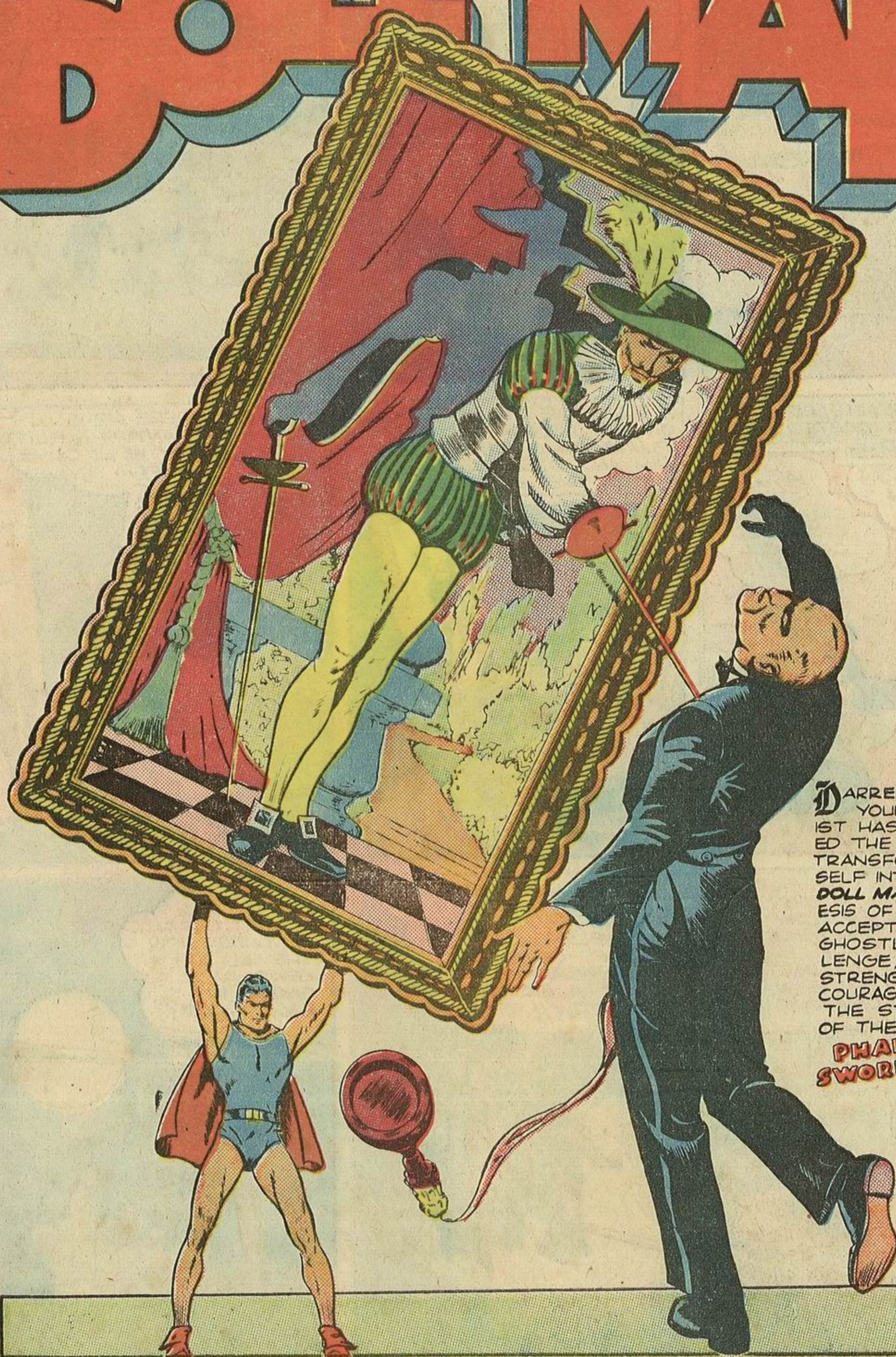
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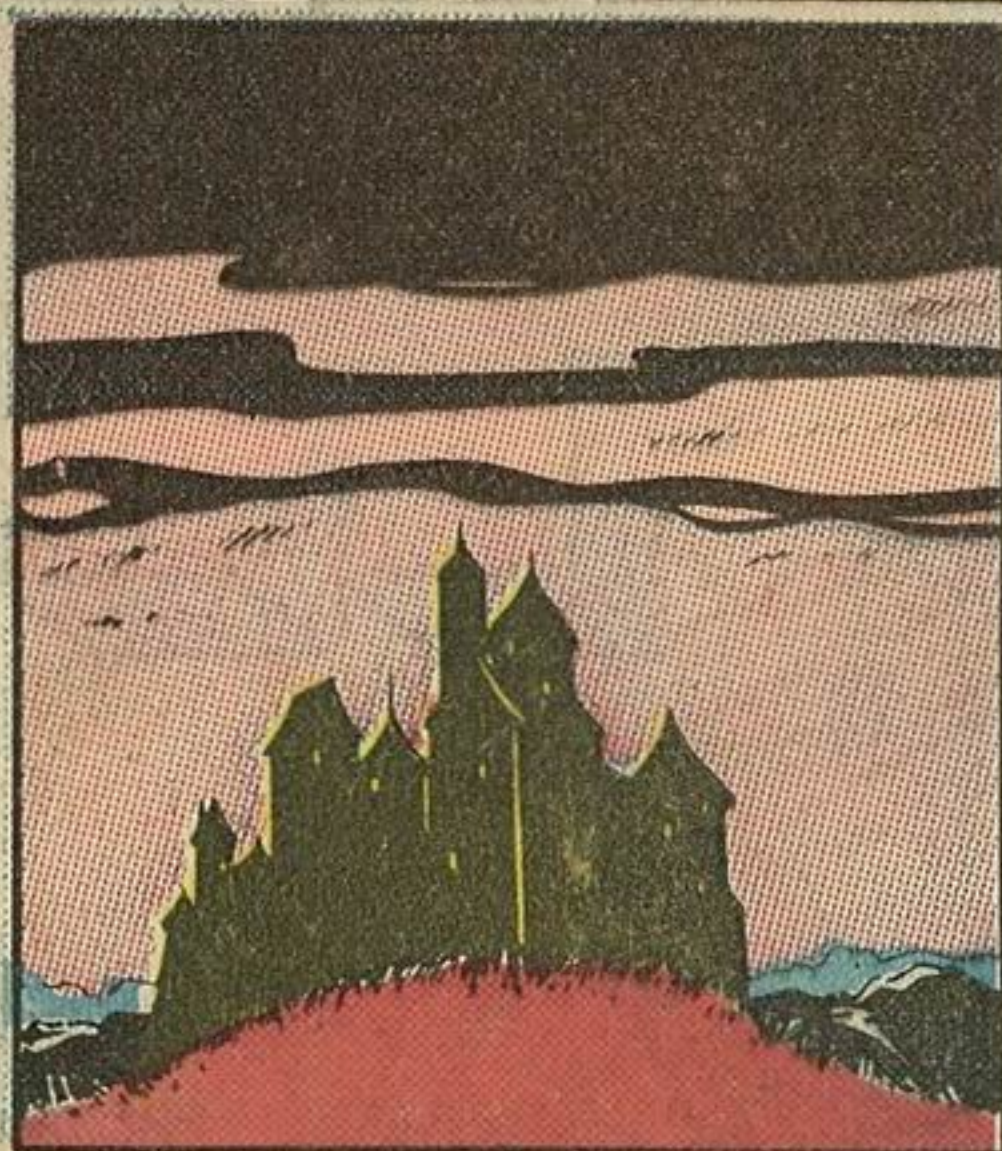
## DOLL MAN



DARREL DANE, A YOUNG SCIENTIST HAS DISCOVERED THE SECRET OF TRANSFORMING HIMSELF INTO THE TINY **DOLL MAN**, THE NEMESIS OF CRIME!! ACCEPTING A GHOSTLY CHALLENGE, HE PITS HIS STRENGTH AND COURAGE AGAINST THE STEEL BLADE OF THE...  
**PHANTOM SWORDSMAN!!**



IN A REMOTE CORNER OF ENGLAND BEFORE THE WAR, STOOD A WEATHER-BEATEN CASTLE OVERLOOKING THE DISMAL MOORS ... TAUNTON TOWERS.



...AND IN THE MUSTY BANQUET HALL HUNG A LIFE SIZED PORTRAIT OF THE PHANTOM DUELIST ... ONE NIGHT, ON THE STROKE OF TWELVE, HE STEPPED FROM THE FRAME, CONFRONTING THE BUTLER, WHO SHRANK BACK IN HORROR ...



... AND OFFERED AN OLD SWORD SNATCHED DOWN FROM THE WALL ... THE TERRIFIED BUTLER HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE OF THE PHANTOM DUELIST..



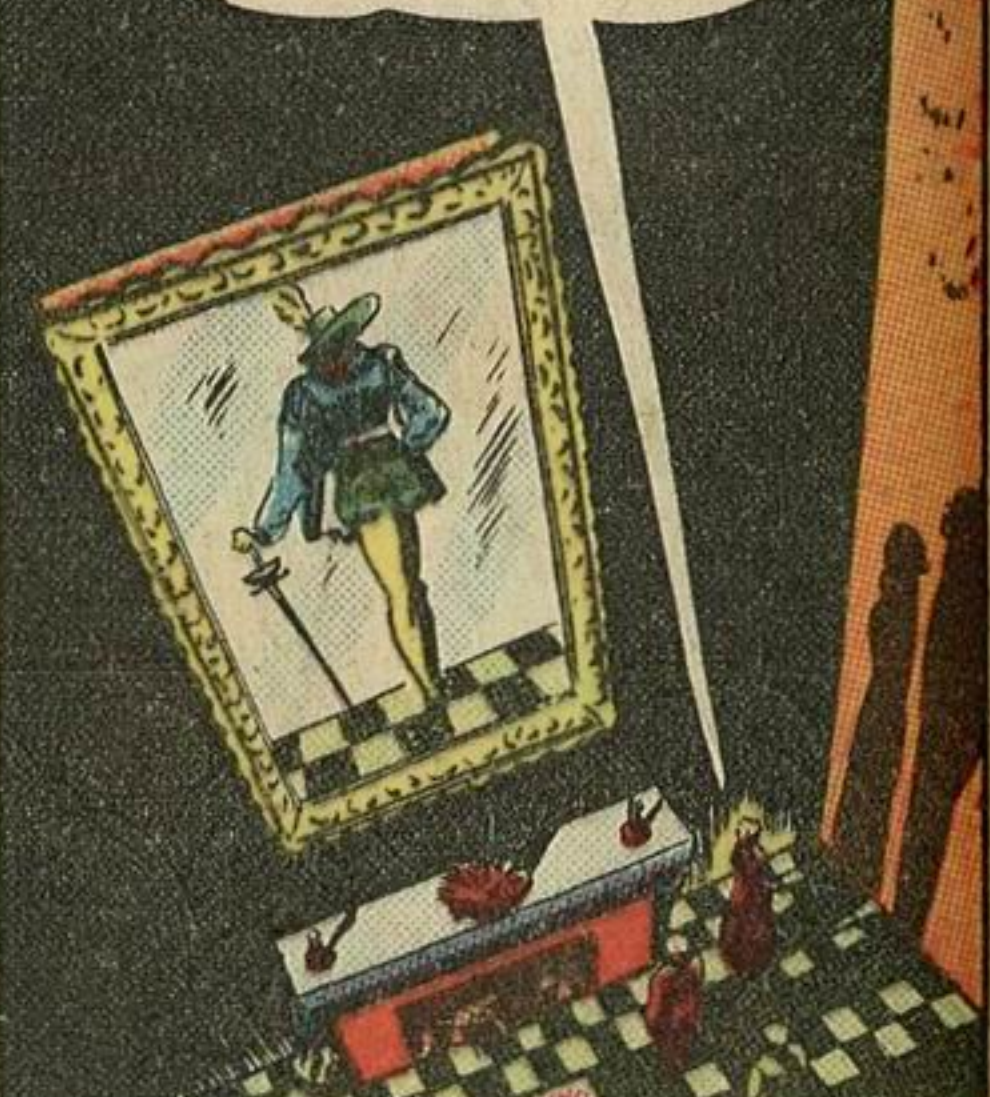
THE BUTLER LEVELED HIS SWORD AND DARTED FORWARD ...



... THEN THE GHOST TURNED ON THE POOR FELLOW ... PLUNGED HIS RAPIER INTO HIM AND STEPPED BACK INTO THE PICTURE ...



AND THERE HE IS ... THE PHANTOM DUELIST! SOMEDAY HE'LL COME OUT AGAIN ...



TELL ME OLD WITCH ... IF WE TAKE THE CASTLE TO AMERICA, WILL THE GHOST FOLLOW??



THE PHANTOM DUELIST WILL FOLLOW HIS PICTURE TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH ... BUT BEWARE OF MIDNIGHT!!

BOSS, YOU'RE A GENIUS!! I CAN JUST SEE THE PAPERS ... THE MOST TERRIBLE GHOST OF EUROPE COMES TO HOLLYWOOD ... WHAT A PICTURE!! WOW!!



STONE BY STONE WE'LL TAKE IT DOWN ... I WONDER HOW THEY'LL RECEIVE A GHOST IN HOLLYWOOD??





HALF IN DOUBT  
HALF IN CURIOSITY,  
NEWSPAPERS  
GREET MOVIE PRODUCER  
REYNOLDS AND HIS PUBLICITY  
MAN, STEVE MORTON  
... AND AMERICA  
WONDERS... CAN  
THEY POSSIBLY  
HAVE BROUGHT A  
GHOST TO THE  
UNITED STATES??



DOCTOR ROBERTS ... AND HIS OLD  
FRIEND DARREL DANE ... OTHERWISE  
KNOWN AS THE **DOLL MAN** MEET  
REYNOLDS AT THE DOCK ...

WELCOME BACK,  
REYNOLDS! I  
GOT YOUR WIRE  
AND I'LL BE GLAD  
TO WORK AS  
**TECHNICAL  
ADVISOR** ON  
YOUR **GHOST  
PICTURE** ...

ER.. AH..  
YES..

THAT'S  
ROCKY,  
PERONNE'S  
HAND ON  
YOUR  
SHOULDER,  
BOSS!!



YOU'VE GOT A SMART  
STOOGUE, REYNOLDS...  
I WANT THAT **DOUGH**  
YOU OWE ME .. BY  
**TOMORROW NIGHT...**  
OR THERE MAY BE  
ANOTHER **ACCIDENT..**  
SEE??

I WON'T PAY!!  
YOU MARKED  
THE CARDS...  
YOU **CHISELER!!**



CHISELER! WE'LL SEE!  
MAYBE MY BOYS WILL  
COME UP AND SERENADE  
YOU ... ON THEIR  
**SUB-MACHINE GUNS!!**



LATER... REYNOLDS, SMITHERS,  
AND DANE ENTER THE  
CRITERION STUDIOS ...

**PIERCE...** THIS IS  
YOUR **LAST PICTURE**  
FOR ME UNLESS YOU  
ACCEPT A **PAY  
CUT!!**



ENRAGED, PIERCE SUDDENLY  
SWINGS ...

... YOU  
CHEAP  
SKUNK!!

FOR  
THAT  
I'LL  
**BLACK-  
BALL YOU**  
IN EVERY  
**STUDIO!!**

YOU  
WON'T  
LIVE  
THAT  
LONG!!



THAT AFTERNOON IN  
REYNOLDS' OFFICE ...

WHAT DO  
YOU WANT??

CAROL AND  
I WANT TO  
GET MARRIED...  
PLEASE CHANGE  
HER CONTRACT  
SO THAT WE  
MAY!! PLEASE  
SIR!!



**NO!** THE PUBLIC LIKES  
TO IMAGINE ITSELF  
**MARRIED TO THE STARS...**  
I'LL LOSE MONEY, MARROW!!

REYNOLDS... I'LL  
MARRY HER..  
IF I HAVE TO  
**KILL YOU FIRST!!**

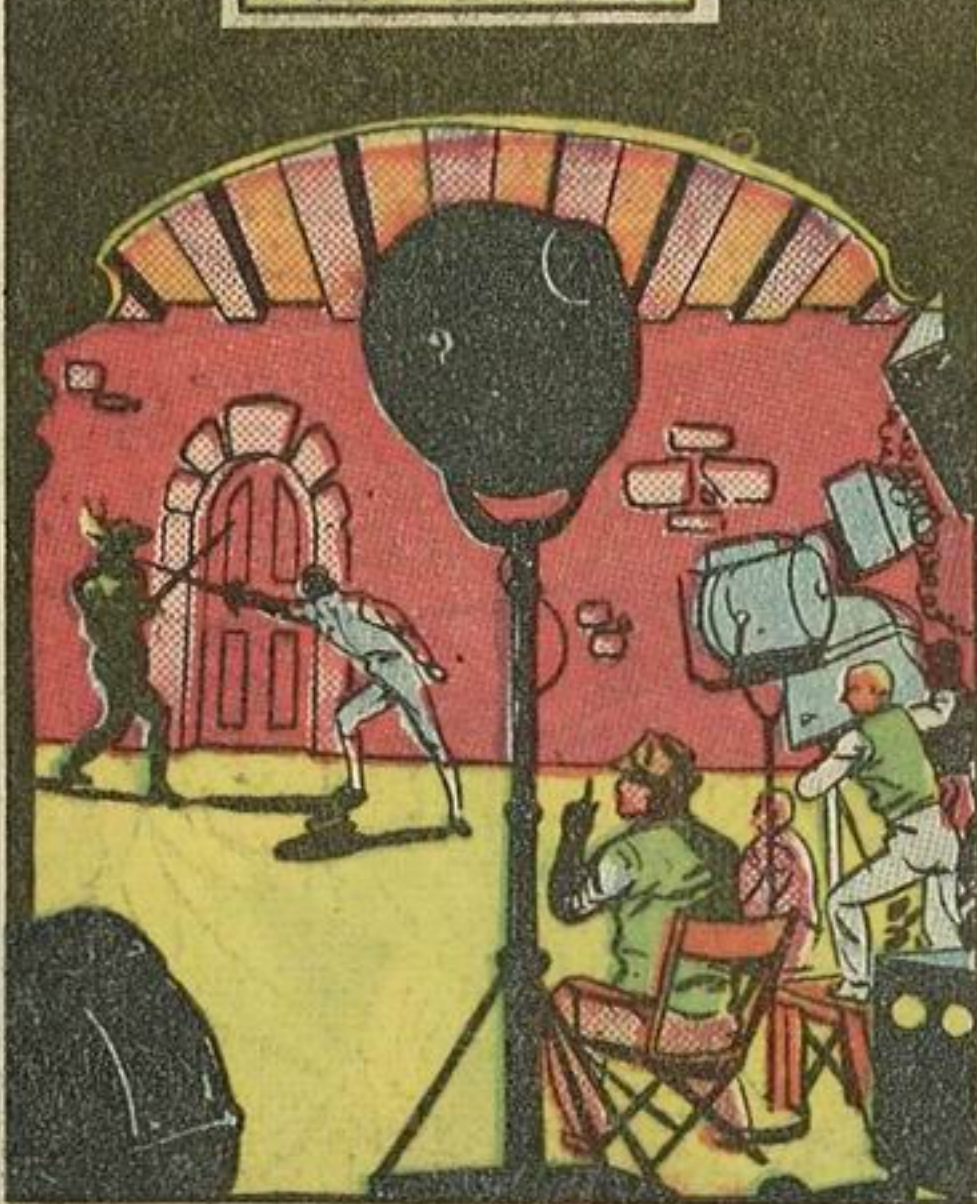


AND SO... MIDST ATMOSPHERE  
AS TENSE AND MYSTERIOUS  
AS THE PICTURE ITSELF, THE  
**PHANTOM DUELIST** IS FILMED..  
.. STARRING A GIRL WHOSE  
CONTRACT FORBIDS HER TO  
MARRY AND A MAN WHO  
KNOWS THIS PICTURE IS TO  
BE HIS LAST ...





DAYS LENGTHEN TO WEEKS...  
AND SLOWLY BUT SURELY  
THE PICTURE NEARS COM-  
PLETION...



AT LAST IT IS FINISHED AND  
A PREVIEW BRINGS FAVOR-  
ABLE COMMENT...

WELL, DARREL  
HOW DID YOU  
LIKE IT?

AMAZING!  
PIERCE  
ACTED AS  
THOUGH HE  
REALLY WAS A  
KILLER!!



WELL, BOSS, WHAT  
NOW? A PARTY  
FOR THE  
GHOSTS?  
HA..HA..HA..

THAT'S  
IT!! WE'LL  
INVITE  
EVERYONE IN  
HOLLYWOOD!  
..SWELL  
PUBLICITY!!



ON THE NIGHT OF THE PARTY  
THE GHOSTS OF ALL TIME  
COME TO DANCE AT THE  
CASTLE OF THE PHANTOM  
DUELIST...



DOCTOR ROBERTS AND  
DARREL DANE WATCH THE  
FESTIVITIES...

THERE'S THAT  
ACTOR MARROW,  
AND REYNOLDS...  
SOMETHING'S  
GOING TO  
POP!!

HMMM...  
LOOKS  
LIKE  
THE  
DOLL MAN  
WILL BE HERE  
TONIGHT!!



VERY WELL.. IF YOU'RE  
ALIVE TOMORROW,  
REYNOLDS, IT  
WON'T BE  
MY FAULT!!



SUDDENLY PERRONE ARRIVES  
WITH FIVE HENCHMEN... ALL  
CARRYING "VIOLIN CASES"...

QUITE A BLOWOUT,  
REYNOLDS... I'VE  
COME FOR MY  
DOUGH... OR  
ELSE!!

BAH!



WELL, WELL... THAT  
MAKES AT LEAST  
THREE PEOPLE  
WHO WANT TO  
KILL REYNOLDS...  
A JOLLY PARTY!!



AS MIDNIGHT APPROACHES, REYNOLDS  
ADDRESSES THE GUESTS...

... AND AT THE STROKE OF  
TWELVE, THE LIGHTS WILL GO  
OUT... WHO KNOWS.. PERHAPS  
THE PHANTOM DUELIST  
HIMSELF WILL APPEAR!!





AS MIDNIGHT'S LAST STROKE DIES, THE LIGHTS GO OUT...

WHAT SAPS!!  
SCARED BY  
A GHOST!  
HA! HA!

HA! IMAGINE!!...  
TAKE THIS  
SWORD, SIR...  
FIGHT!... AND  
DIE!!

NO..NO  
GET  
AWAY!!

EEEEEEEE

HELP!

TURN  
ON  
THE  
LIGHTS!!

HE'S DEAD!!

TIME FOR  
THE DOLL  
MAN TO JOIN  
THIS "HAPPY"  
THRONG!!

IN A FLASH, DARREL DANE  
BECOMES THE DOLL MAN...  
NEMESIS OF CRIME!!

I'D LIKE  
TO SEE  
THAT  
PAINTING!

AS THE DOLL MAN STREAKS  
INTO THE FATEFUL ROOM...

NOT SO FAST,  
MY GHOSTLY  
FRIEND!!

WHO  
DARES TO  
CHALLENGE  
ME?! A  
MIDGET??

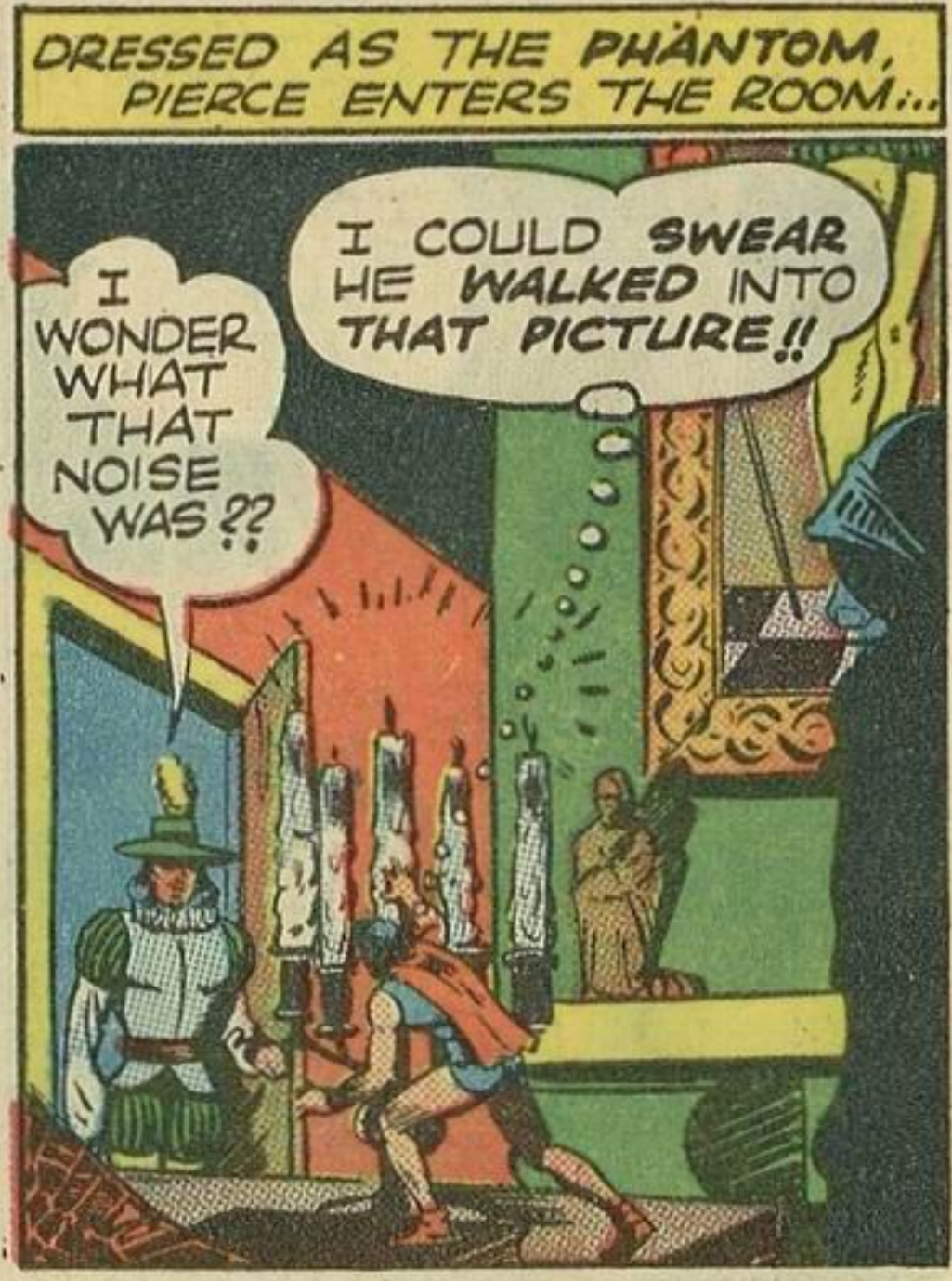
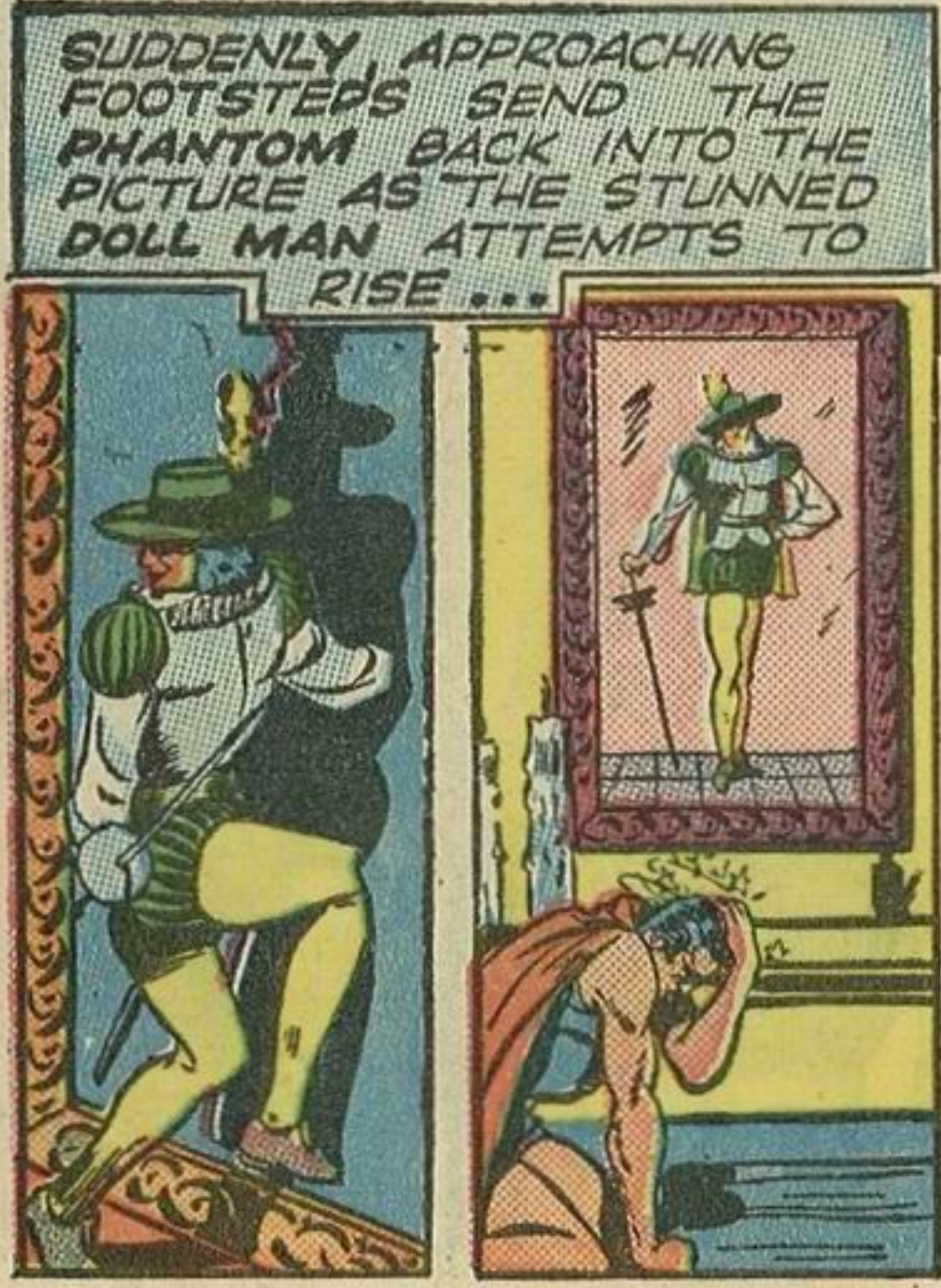
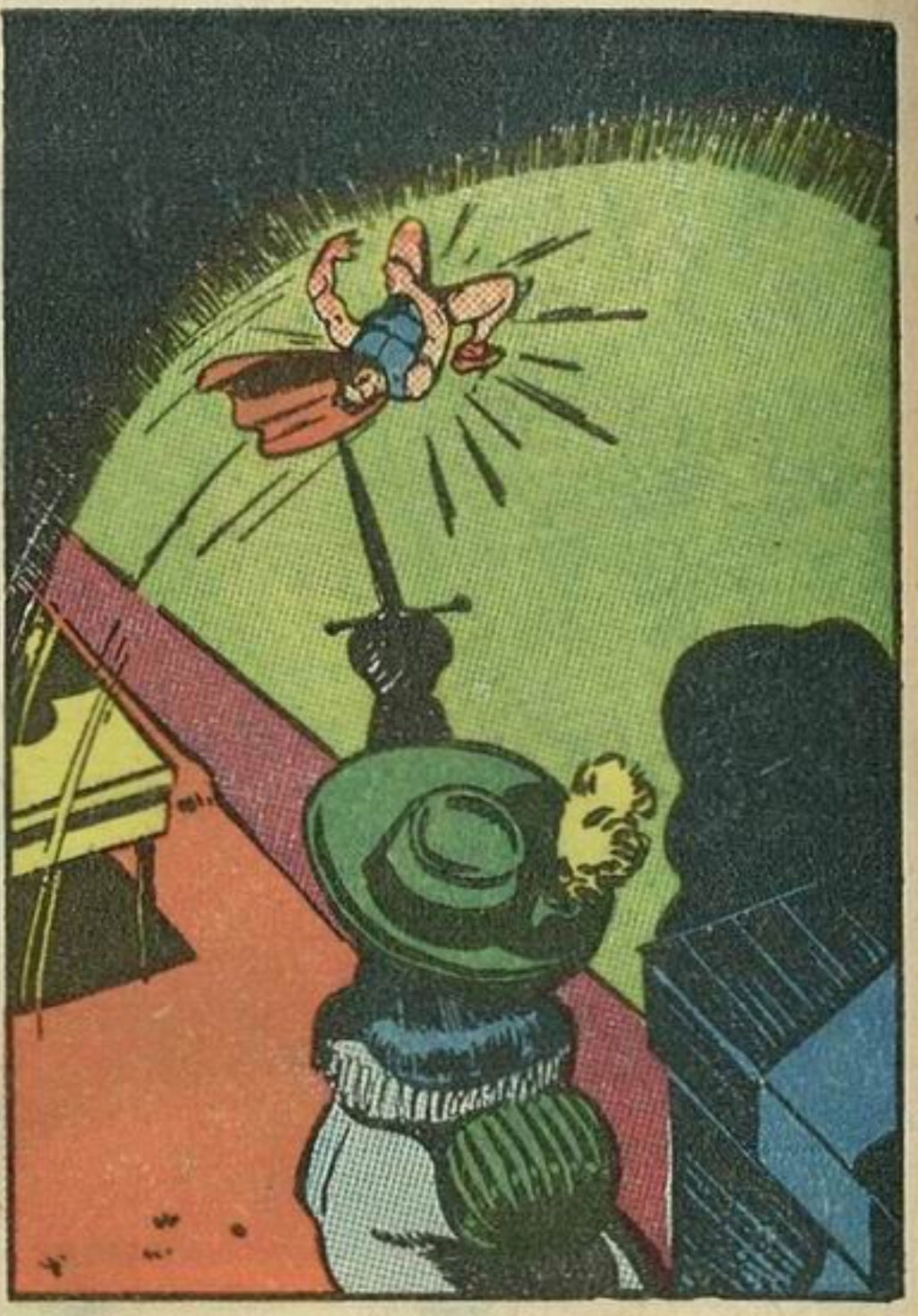
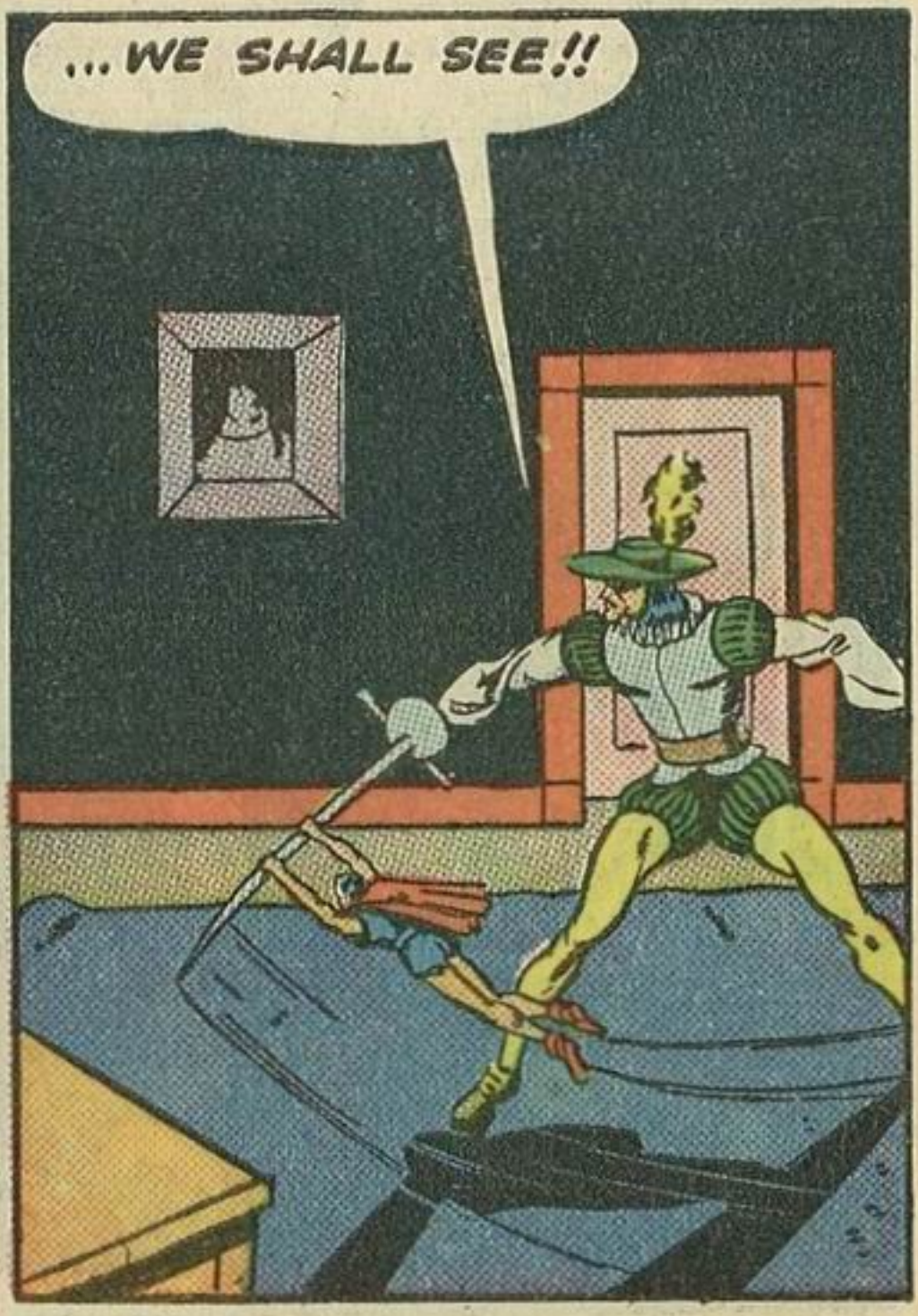
FOOL! I'LL  
CUT YOU TO  
RIBBONS!!

AS THE DOLL MAN LEAPS  
FORWARD, THE PHANTOM  
DUELIST HURLS HIS CAPE...

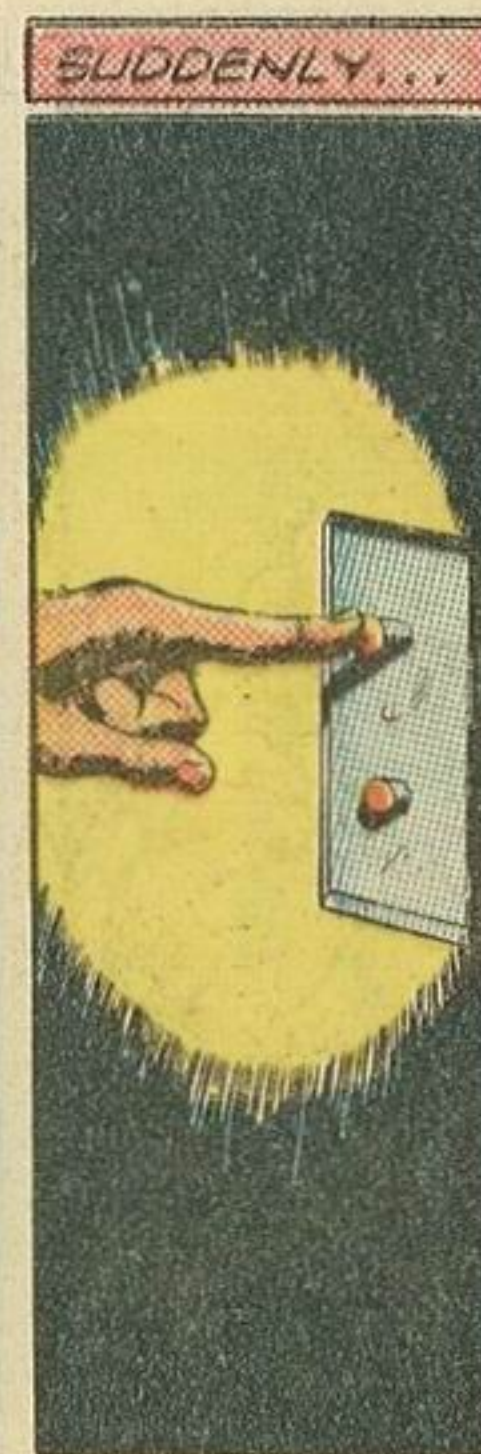
WHUUUF

NOW! THROUGH YOUR  
HEART, LITTLE ONE!!













WHILE THE DOLL MAN BATTLES THE THUGS, PIERCE STEALS AWAY AND HURRIES TO THE ROOM OF THE PHANTOM DUELIST...



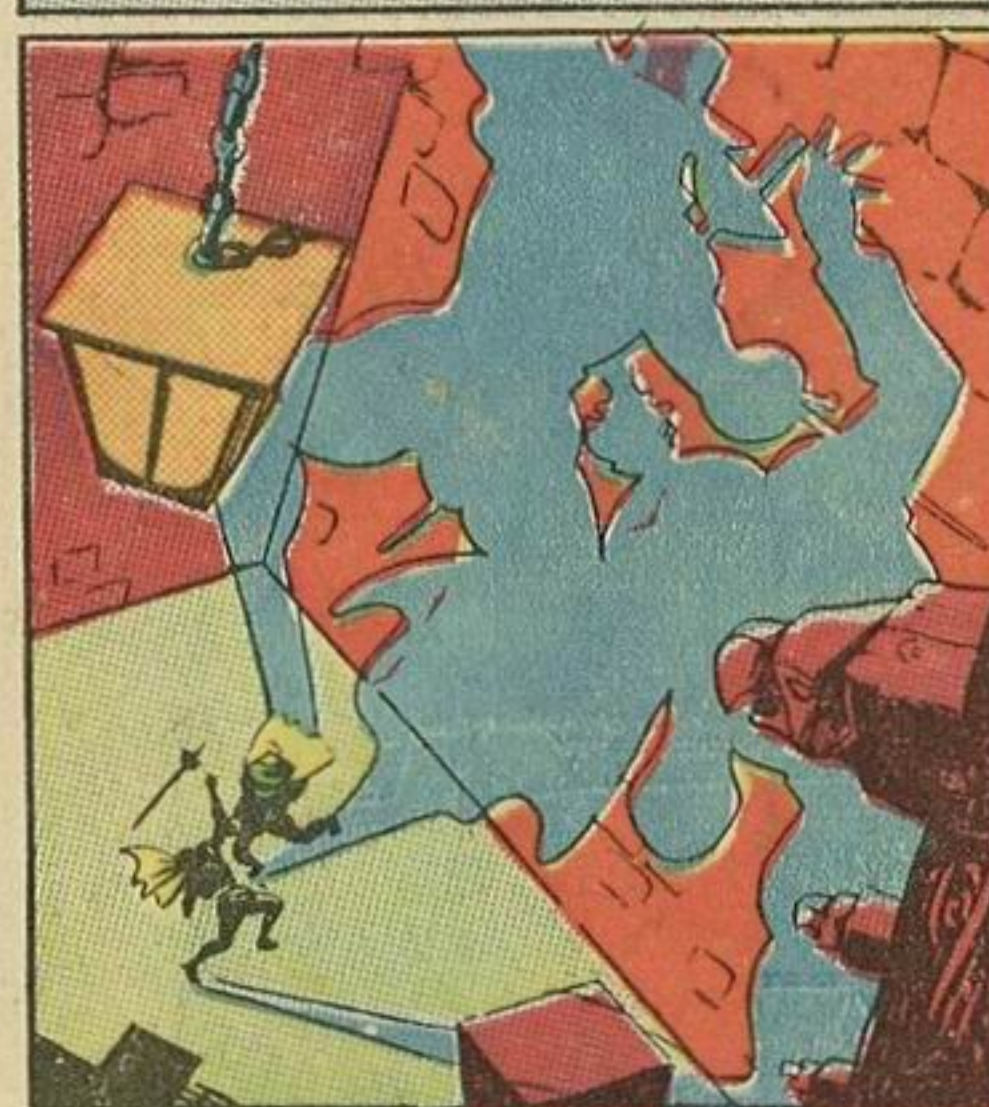
STEPPING INTO THE ROOM, PIERCE CHALLENGES THE PHANTOM DUELIST...



THE CLASH OF STEEL ECHOES THROUGHOUT THE ANCIENT CASTLE AS THE SWORDS-MEN MEET...



THE PHANTOM'S BLADE SUDDENLY STREAKS FORWARD AND BURIES ITSELF IN PIERCE'S SHOULDER...



AS THE PHANTOM POISES HIS BLADE FOR THE KILL, THE DOLL MAN DARTS INTO THE ROOM...



AS THE DOLL MAN PAUSES TO AID PIERCE, THE PHANTOM DASHES FOR THE ROOF...



...AND HOT ON HIS HEELS COMES THE DOLL MAN ARMED WITH PIERCE'S SWORD...



CORNERED AT LAST, THE PHANTOM TURNS TO FIGHT...





THE DOLL MAN FLASHES FORWARD, HIS SWORD A SILVER STREAK...



... THE BLADE CUTS A DEEP GASH IN THE PHANTOM'S ARM...



SO! GHOSTS BLEED, DO THEY?

ONLY A SCRATCH, BUT...

THE PHANTOM STRIVES DESPERATELY TO PENETRATE THE DOLL MAN'S DEFENSE...



BUT WHAT, PHANTOM?

DEATH!!

UNABLE TO DEFEAT THE DOLL MAN FAIRLY, THE PHANTOM TRIES TO SMOOTH-ER HIM IN THE CAPE...



OH NO, MY FRIEND, THAT CAPE TRICK WON'T WORK TWICE!!

FORSAKING HIS SWORD, THE DOLL MAN SIDESTEPS AND LANDS A POWERHOUSE BLOW TO THE MID-SECTION...



O.O.OFF!!

PARTIALLY STUNNED, THE PHANTOM IS AN EASY TARGET AS THE DOLL MAN DRIVES HOME BLOW AFTER BLOW...



WITH HIS REMAINING STRENGTH, THE GROGGY PHANTOM HURLS HIMSELF BODILY AT HIS TINY ADVERSARY IN AN ATTEMPT TO CRUSH HIM...



I'LL KILL YOU, YOU @\*!!\*

BONES SHATTER AS THE DOLL MAN MEETS THE PHANTOM'S MAD RUSH...

YOU'VE BEEN TRYING FOR SOMETIME! NOW, IT'S MY TURN!!



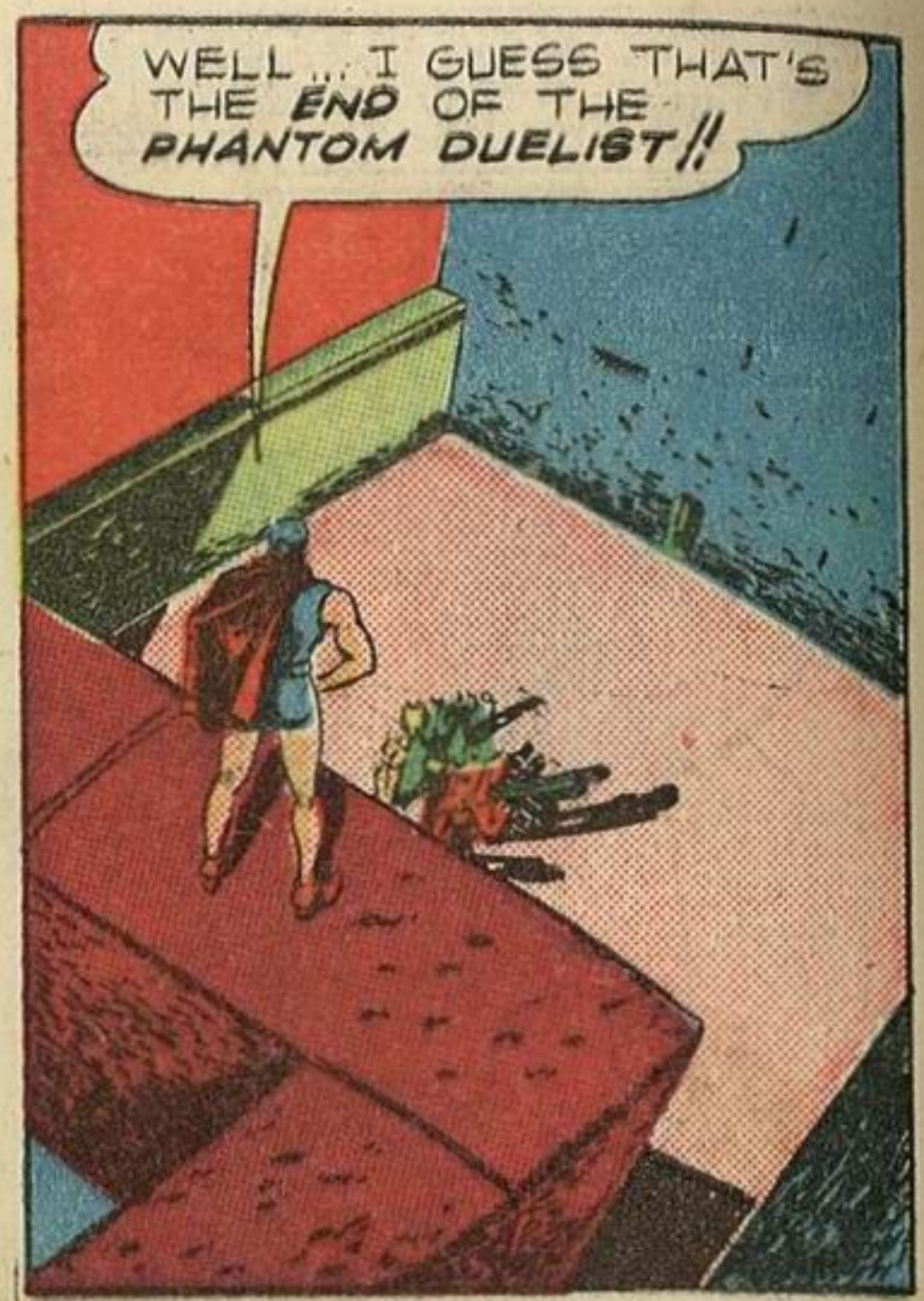
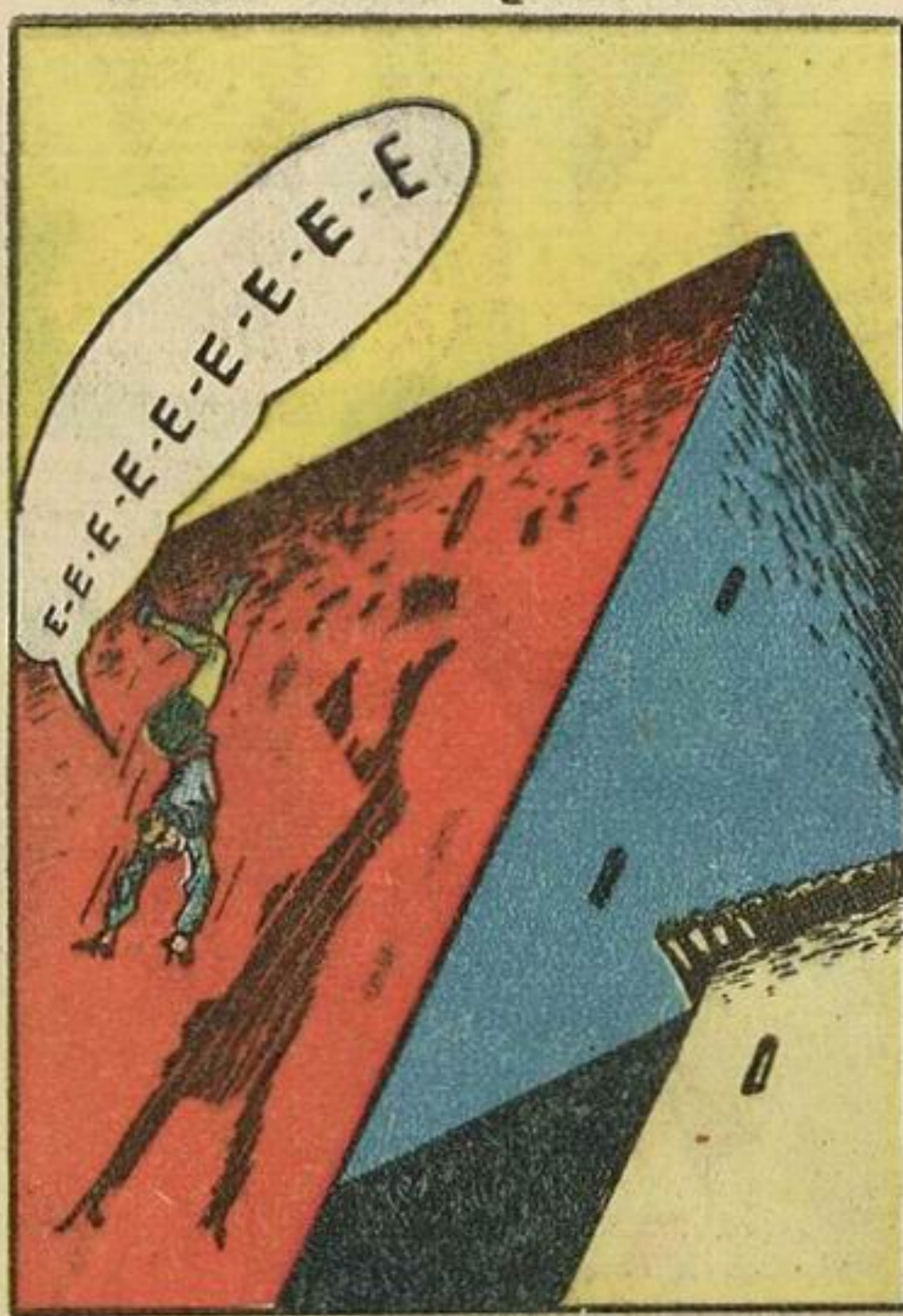
SOCK!

AS HE REELS BACKWARD, THE PHANTOM SLIPS ON THE DOLL MAN'S DISCARD-ED SWORD...



NOW WE'LL SEE WHO YOU ARE!!





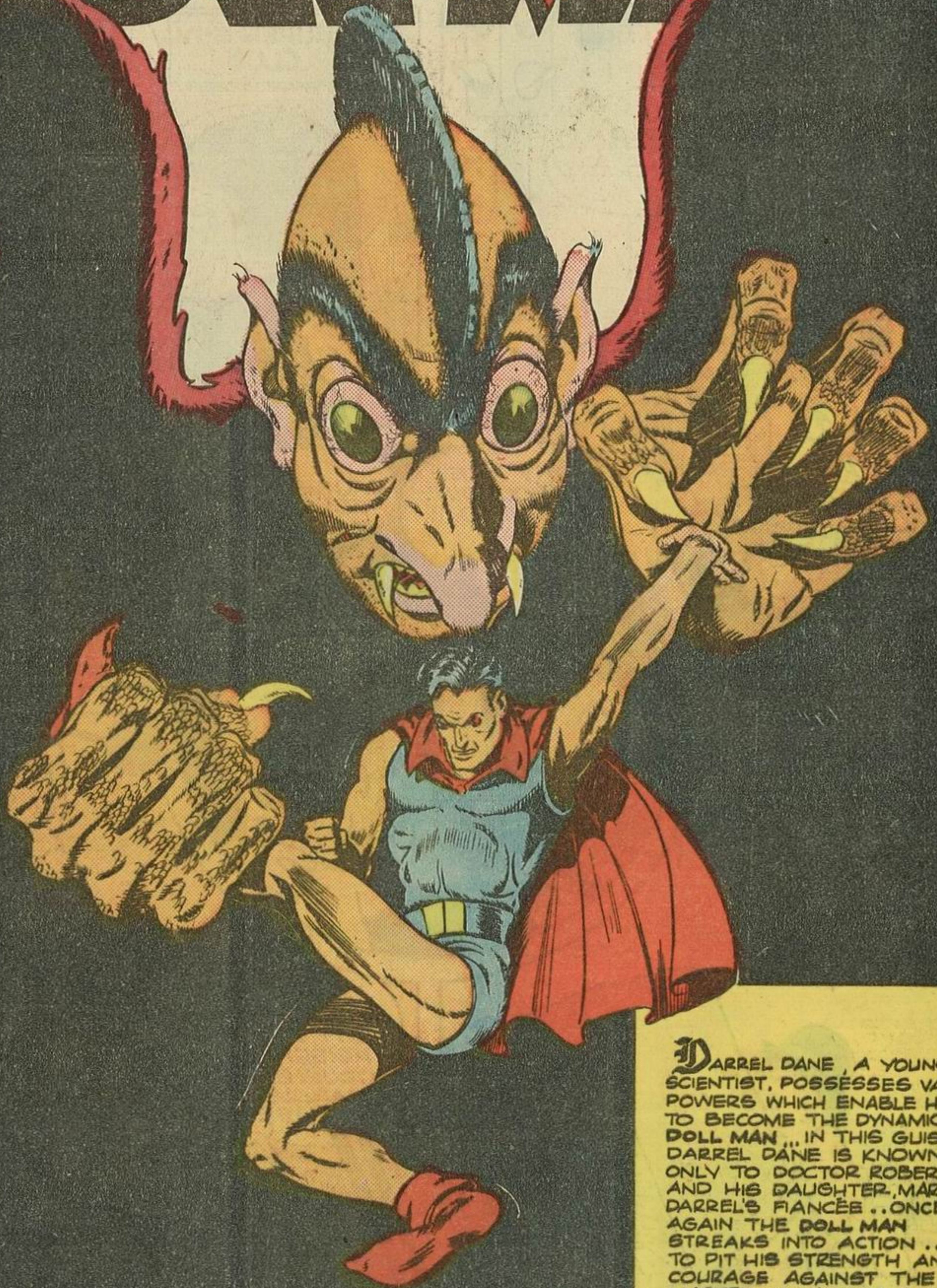


# POISON IVY





# THE DOLL MAN



**D**ARREL DANE, A YOUNG SCIENTIST, POSSESSES VAST POWERS WHICH ENABLE HIM TO BECOME THE DYNAMIC DOLL MAN... IN THIS GUISE DARREL DANE IS KNOWN ONLY TO DOCTOR ROBERTS AND HIS DAUGHTER, MARTHA, DARREL'S FIANCEE... ONCE AGAIN THE DOLL MAN STREAKS INTO ACTION... TO PIT HIS STRENGTH AND COURAGE AGAINST THE MASTER VILLAIN OF ALL TIME.. **THE VULTURE!!**



A CITY DOZES QUIETLY IN THE AFTERNOON HEAT... IN THE STREETS RESOUNDS A TIMID HUM...



SUDDENLY...

LOOK OUT! A VULTURE!!

E..E..E..EK!

HE..E..E..LP!



RIPPING A DIAMOND RING FROM A WOMAN'S FINGER, THE HUGE BIRD STREAKS OFF INTO THE BLUE...

CALL THE POLICE!!

HELP! HELP! O.O.O.H!

STOP! THIEF!



LATER... IN THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY...

HMMM... THIS MUST BE A NEW ADDITION...

RAHTHER GRUESOME, I'D SAY!!

QUITE!



WITH LIGHTNING-LIKE SPEED, THE FEATHERED MONSTER STRIKES...

O.H..H! HELP ME! MY JEWELS!!

GOOD HEAVENS! IT'S ALIVE!!



WITH THE STOLEN GEMS IN ITS CLAWS, THE MONSTROUS VULTURE SWOOPS THROUGH THE WINDOW...

STOP HIM!!



AGAIN AND AGAIN THE VICIOUS CREATURE STRIKES, MENACING THE WHOLE POPULATION...



EXCITEMENT INCREASES TO RIOT IN THE NEWSPAPER OFFICES AS THE VULTURE'S CRIMES MOUNT HIGH...

THE VULTURE IS STANDING THIS TOWN!! ON ITS EAR!!

WHAT CAN THEY DO?? THE THING AIN'T NATURAL!!



AND IN A SUBURBAN HOME, DARREL DANE ENTERTAINS HIS OLD FRIEND DOCTOR ROBERTS...

DO YOU REALIZE, DOCTOR, THAT MARTHA RECEIVES THE RONKER DIAMOND TODAY?

AND IT WORRIES ME... PERHAPS THE VULTURE...



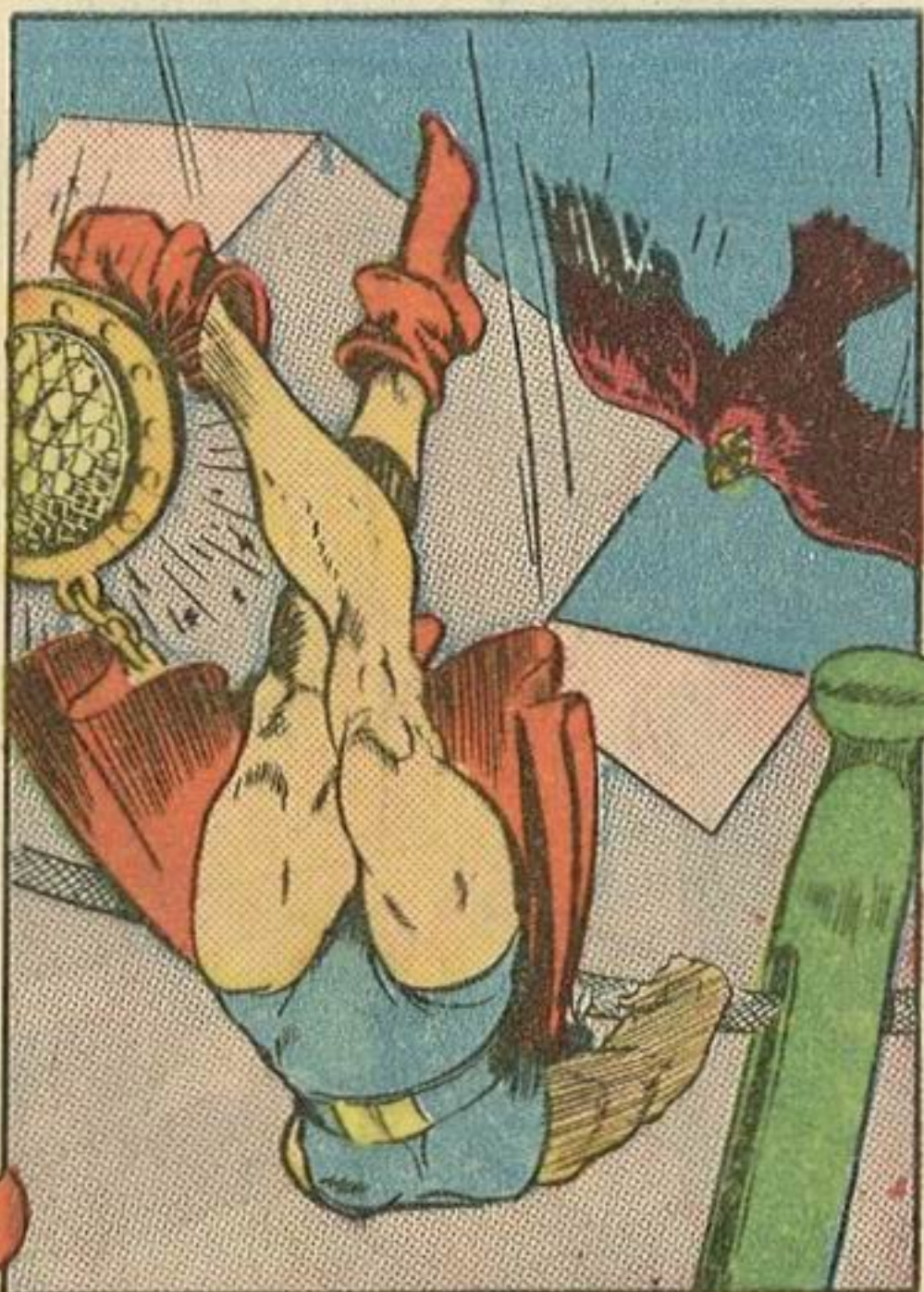






TEARING THE GEM FROM THE VULTURE'S CLAWS, THE DOLL MAN LOSES HIS GRIP...

OH/OH!  
THAT  
DID IT!!



GROGGY FROM THE FORCE OF THE DOLL MAN'S BLOW, THE VULTURE FLEES...

I GUESS THAT  
ONE GOT 'IM!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT THE NIGHT CLUB... DARREL DANE IS HIMSELF ONCE MORE

HERE'S YOUR  
DIAMOND...LET'S  
GET OUT OF  
HERE!!

OH,  
DARREL,  
I WAS SO  
FRIGHTENED!!



AS THEY STEP ONTO THE STREET...

I'M COMMISSIONER  
BRADY... I'LL HAVE  
MY MEN ESCORT  
THE YOUNG  
LADY!!

THANK  
YOU,  
COM-  
MISSION-  
ER!!



AT THE ROBERTS HOME...

..YOU'VE BEEN  
A VERY LUCKY  
YOUNG LADY...

I CERTAINLY  
HAVE ...  
THANKS  
TO THE DOLL  
MAN, EH DARREL  
?

ER..YES..  
YES..INDEED!



TOMORROW NIGHT  
I WANT YOU TO  
WEAR THE RONKER  
DIAMOND TO THE  
EMBASSY BALL...  
WE MUST TRAP  
THE VULTURE !!

ALL  
RIGHT  
COMMISS-  
SIONER..  
IF YOU  
HAVE  
PLENTY  
OF POLICE  
THERE...



WHILE OUTSIDE THE WINDOW...





SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, HIGH ABOVE THE MOONLIT CITY THE VULTURE FLIES TOWARD A SECRET HIDEOUT...



THE RAMSHACKLE EXTERIOR CONCEALS A LUXURIOUS APARTMENT...



IT'S GOOD TO GET THESE OFF!!

THESE CLAWS OF MINE HAD MILLIONS IN THEIR GRASP TONIGHT! THAT @!! \* ?? ÷ @ DOLL MAN!!



BUT I'LL GET THAT RONKER GEM TOMORROW NIGHT, IF I HAVE TO KILL THE DOLL MAN!! HE'LL PAY FOR KICKING ME!!



DIAMONDS... RUBIES... THESE ARE THINGS THAT MAKE POWER!! POWER FOR THE LITTLE MEN TO RULE OVER THE BIG!! THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL!!



WITHOUT WARNING, THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN!!



HELLO, AYLME!!

SALTA! HAVEN'T I TOLD YOU TO KNOCK FIRST!! WAIT DOWNSTAIRS!!

A LITTLE WHILE LATER... DOWNSTAIRS...

AWK! WORTH MORE THAN THAT! AWK!!

HEH, SMART BIRD.. AYLME...

YES! NOW IF YOU'LL GIVE ME MY MONEY!!



THANK YOU... TOMORROW NIGHT I'LL HAVE THE RONKER DIAMOND, SALTA... IF YOU'LL HAVE THE MONEY READY....

FOR A LITTLE MAN YOU CERTAINLY TALK....



DON'T CALL ME A LITTLE MAN!!!





AS SALTA AND HIS GANG  
LEAVE ...

THE LITTLE SQUIRT!  
WHEN HE GETS US  
THAT RONKER  
DIAMOND WE'LL  
"PAY HIM OFF"  
EH, BOYS?

YEAH..  
YEH..  
HEH!!



SOMETIME LATER, AT A PET  
SHOP IN THE SUBURBS ...

AYLMER, MY SON!  
IT'S GOOD TO  
SEE YOU!!

I'VE COME  
FOR THOSE  
FALCONS...  
DID YOU  
TRAIN  
THEM?



YES, BUT WHY DO YOU  
WANT THEM TO SNATCH  
AT SHINY OBJECTS?  
THEY'VE BECOME  
VERY VICIOUS!!

THAT'S  
MY  
BUSI-  
NESS!!  
SHHH..H.H  
A CUSTOMER!!



OUTSIDE, DARREL DANE PAUSES  
IN FRONT OF THE WINDOW...

HMMMM!! A VULTURE!! IT'S  
JUST A HUNCH, BUT I THINK  
I'LL INQUIRE ABOUT THIS...



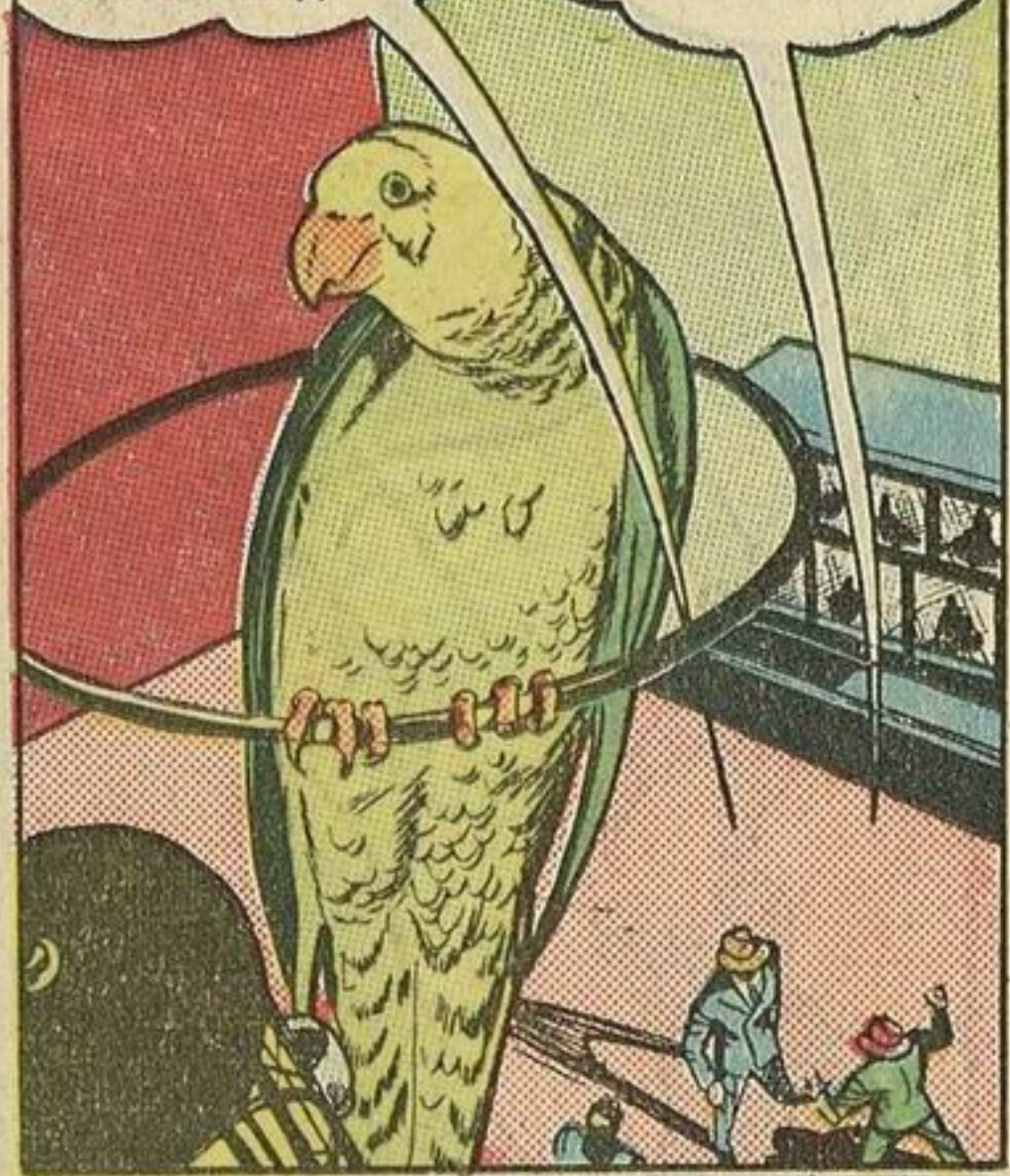
I SEE YOU HAVE  
A VULTURE IN THE  
WINDOW... KNOW  
WHERE I CAN  
BUY ONE?

YOU'RE  
LUCKY...  
MY SON  
KNOWS  
ALL ABOUT  
THEM...  
AYLMER!!



SA.A.AY!! I'VE  
SEEN YOU  
SOMEWHERE  
BEFORE!!

SO  
WHAT!



...AND I  
DON'T  
KNOW  
ANYTHING  
ABOUT  
VULTURES...  
NOW..  
GET OUT!!

ALL RIGHT,  
ALL RIGHT!!  
DON'T  
GET  
EXCITED!!



FOOL!! I TOLD  
YOU TO SHUT  
UP ABOUT  
VULTURES!!

AYLMER!  
YOU  
STRUCK  
YOUR  
FATHER!!



SOME SIXTH SENSE BRINGS  
DARREL BACK TO THE SHOP  
TO FIND...

HEY!  
WHO  
HIT  
YOU?

AYLMER...  
WE FOUGHT ABOUT  
VULTURES... I  
TRI... O.O.O.O.H!!



HE'S DEAD...  
POOR OLD MAN..  
I HAVE A HUNCH  
HE BROUGHT IN-  
TO THE WORLD  
THE MOST  
DANGEROUS  
CRIMINAL OF  
ALL TIME...  
THE VULTURE!!





NEXT EVENING AT THE  
EMBASSY BALL...

MORE THAN A MILLION  
BUCKS IN JEWELS HERE...  
THERE'S THE RONKER  
DIAMOND...

YEAH.. AND  
JUST LET THE  
VULTURE TRY  
TO GET IT!!! THERE'S  
ENOUGH COPS  
HERE TO BLAST  
A REGIMENT!!



OUTSIDE, POLICE WAIT TENSELY...

LET THE VULTURE  
COME IF HE CAN...  
WE'RE READY  
FOR HIM!!

LOOK!!  
WHAT'S  
THAT IN  
THE SKY  
OVER THERE!!



TO THE AMAZE-  
MENT OF ALL,  
AN ARMADA OF FALCONS LED  
BY A LONE VULTURE APPEAR.



SHOOT  
'EM  
DOWN!!

GOT ONE!!

THEY'RE  
STILL  
COMING!!



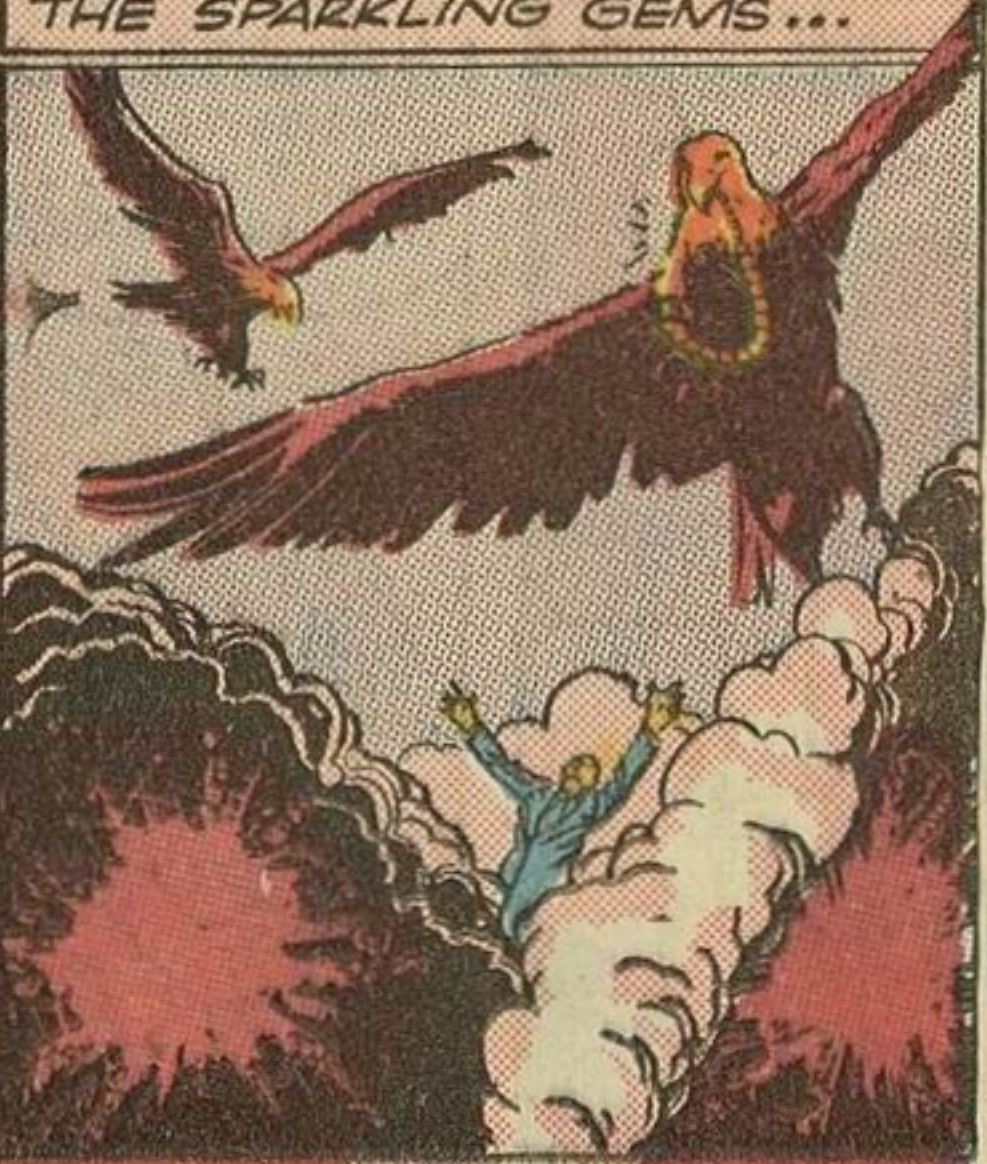
AS THE POLICE APPROACH  
THE FALLEN BIRD, THERE  
IS AN EXPLOSION FROM A  
BOMB-LIKE OBJECT IN ITS  
CLAW...



CLOUDS OF CHOKING GAS  
STRANGLE THE COPS AS  
THE BIRDS SMASH THRU  
THE EMBASSY WINDOW...



PANDEMONIUM BREAKS LOOSE.  
GAS BOMBS FALL EVERYWHERE...  
WITH LIGHTNING ACTION THE  
THIEVING BIRDS SNATCH AT  
THE SPARKLING GEMS...



MARTHA, LOSING DARREL  
DANE IN THE CONFUSION  
FALLS EASY PREY TO THE  
VULTURE!!



AS THE MARAUDERS OF THE  
AIR WING THEIR WAY BACK...  
LEAVING UNCONSCIOUS MEN AND  
WOMEN BEHIND, THE DOLL MAN  
SPRINGS INTO ACTION...  
EVERY MUSCLE READY FOR  
BATTLE...





DARTING BULLET-LIKE THROUGH THE AIR, DOLL MAN LEAPS UPON THE BACK OF A PASSING RAIDER FALCON...



BUT THE BIRD TURNS ON HIM...



FIGHTING FURIOUSLY, HE TIES THE FEET OF THE FALCON WITH HIS CAPE TO PROTECT HIMSELF FROM ITS DANGEROUS CLAWS...



...AND WITH HIS BELT HE MAKES REINS...

I CAN'T JUMP ON THE VULTURE... HE MIGHT DROP MARTHA... I'LL LET THIS BIRD FLY ME TO HIS HIDE-OUT AND TAKE CARE OF HIM THERE !!!



AT LAST THEY REACH AN OLD DESERTED HOUSE...



THE FALCONS FLY INTO A CAGE, TRAPPING THE DOLL MAN WITH THEM...



HA! HA! HA! CAUGHT YOU AT LAST, DOLL MAN!! THE SMALLEST MAN IN THE WORLD!! LOOK AT ME.. I'M SMALL TOO.. BUT I'VE GOT BRAINS !!



MISSED ME THAT TIME!!





GOODBYE DOLL MAN!!  
AND MAY THE FALCONS  
HAVE MERCY ON YOU!!



WITHIN THE BIRD CAGE  
DOLL MAN FIGHTS FOR LIFE..  
AS FALCON AFTER FALCON  
ATTEMPT TO DRIVE THEIR  
SHARP BEAKS INTO HIM...



DOLL MAN DARTS ASIDE  
IN TIME...

THAT TAKES  
CARE OF THEM!!



DOLL MAN'S STUNT ENRAGES  
THE BIRDS .. AND THE FALCONS  
FIGHT AMONG THEMSELVES ...

GOOD  
CHANCE  
TO GET OUT  
WHILE THEY'RE  
FIGHTING... IF  
I CAN BEND  
THIS STEEL!!



HE LEFT THROUGH  
THAT DOOR!!



THE DOLL MAN LEAPS  
FOR THE DOOR KNOB..



LOCKED IN, DOLL MAN STRAINS  
HIS MUSCLES, TRYING TO  
FORCE THE DOOR OPEN..

SOLID STEEL!!  
CAN'T BUDGE  
IT!!



I CAN'T GET OUT!!  
SOMEWHERE WITHIN  
THIS HOUSE MARTHA  
IS A PRISONER...  
THERE MUST BE  
SOMETHING I CAN  
DO!!





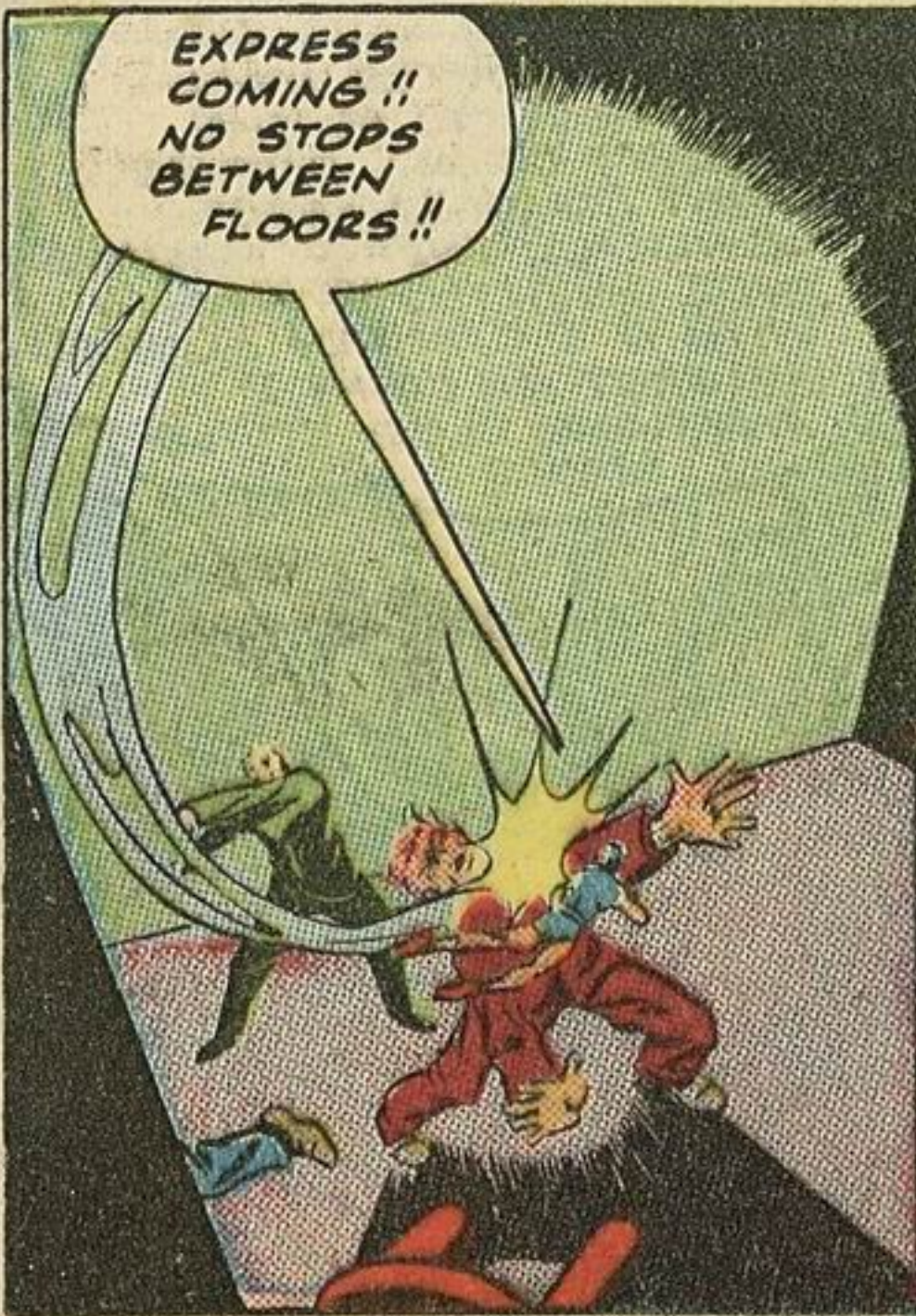




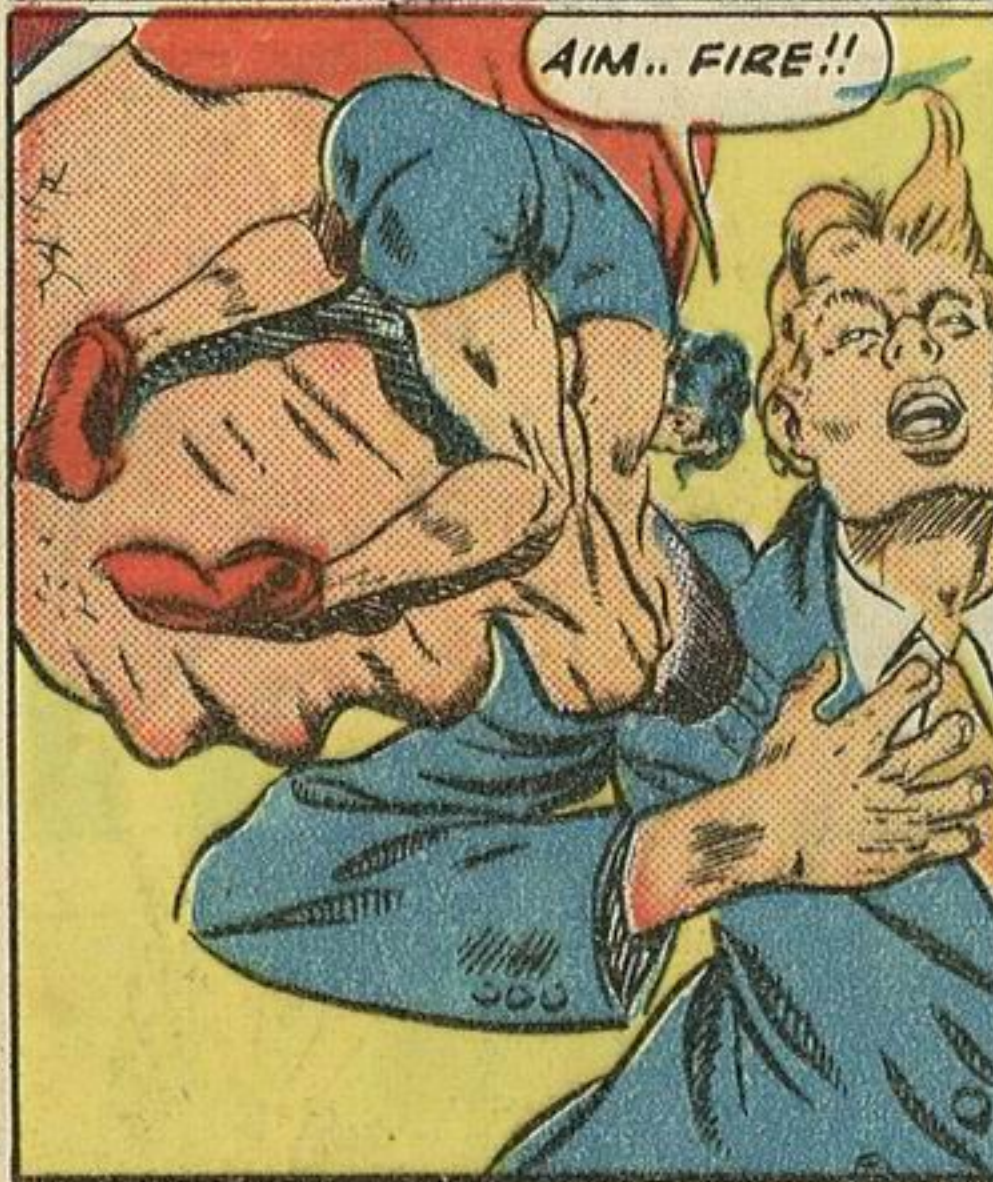




EXPRESS  
COMING !!  
NO STOPS  
BETWEEN  
FLOORS !!



SWINGING DOWN HIS VICTIM'S  
ARMS, DOLL MAN FORCES  
THE GUNMAN'S FINGER AGAINST  
THE TRIGGER OF HIS OWN GUN..



UNNOTICED IN THE EXCITEMENT,  
AYLMER FLEES TO THE ROOM  
WHERE MARTHA IS HELD  
PRISONER ...



LET THEM FIGHT!  
I'VE GOT THE  
DIAMOND AND THE  
GIRL !!

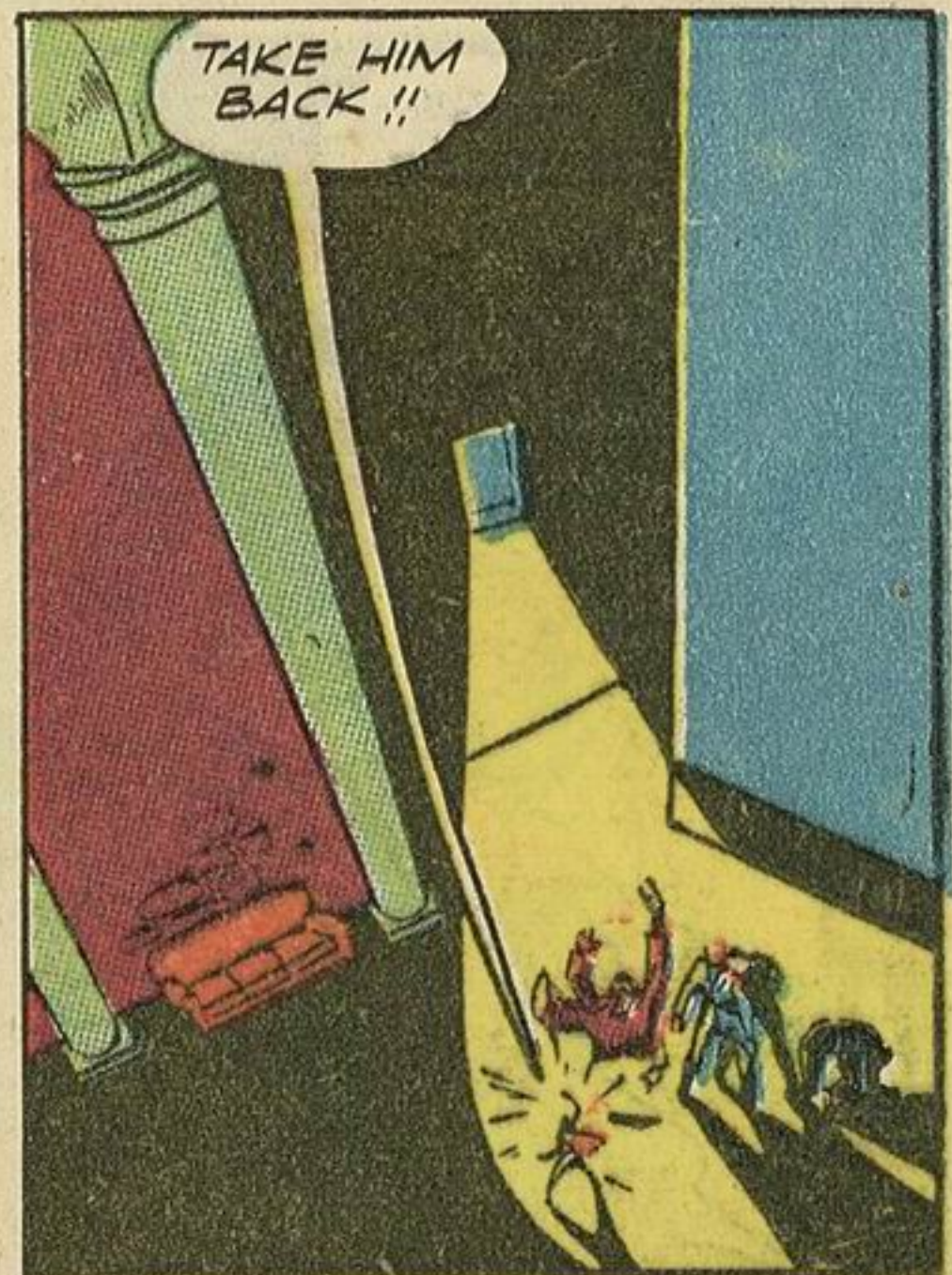
SUDDENLY, TAKEN UNAWARES,  
DOLL MAN FINDS THE FIGURE  
OF A GUNMAN DIVING ON TOP  
OF HIM...



THAT'S IT!  
CHIN UP !!!



TAKE HIM  
BACK !!



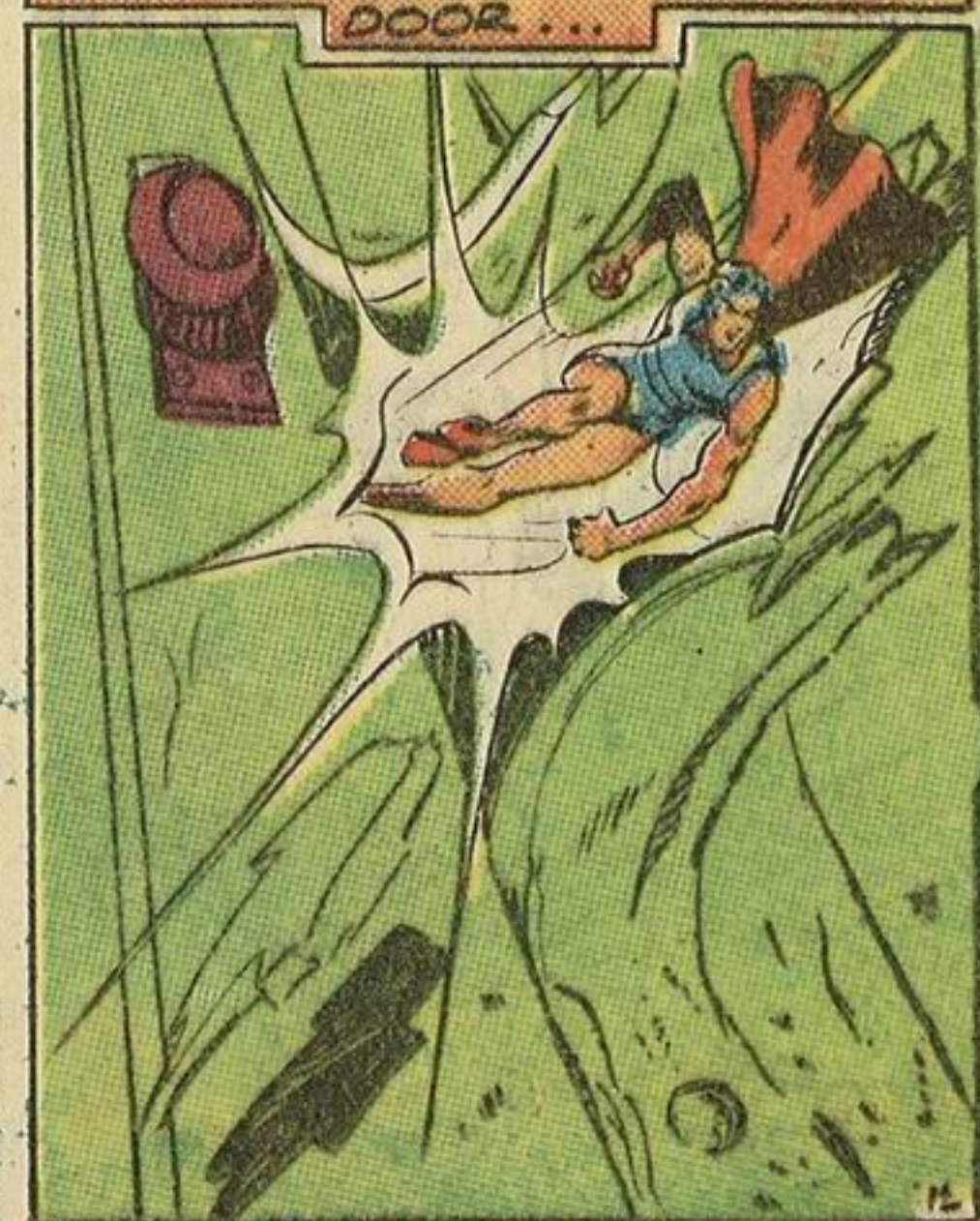
DIVING AT THE GANGSTERS,  
DOLL MAN KNOCKS THE  
GUNS OUT OF THEIR HANDS...



AS THE GUNMEN CRUMPLE,  
A SCREAM SPLITS THROUGH  
THE FLAMES !!



LEADING TO THE TOP OF THE  
WINDING STAIRCASE, DOLL  
MAN BREAKS THROUGH THE  
DOOR ...





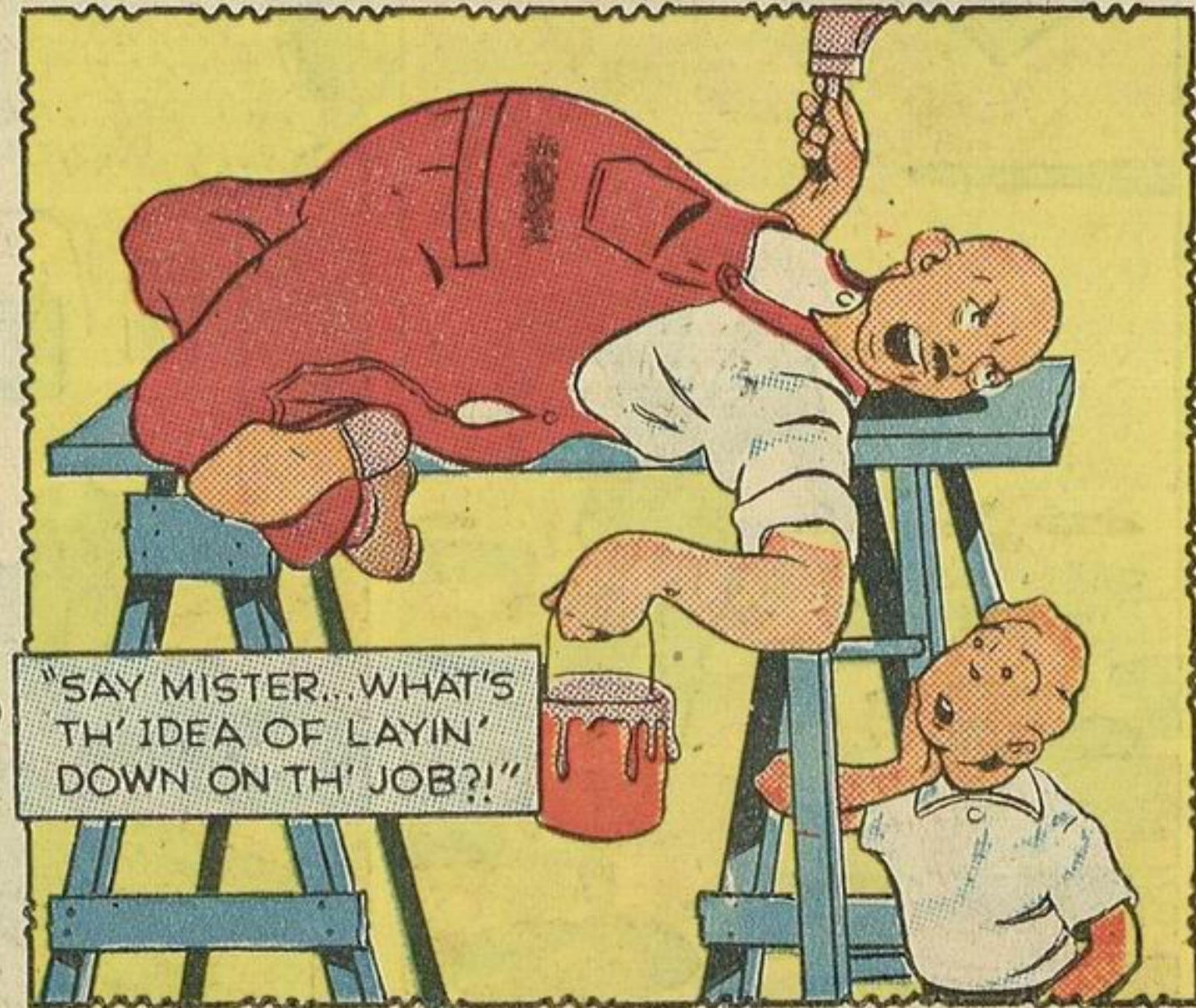
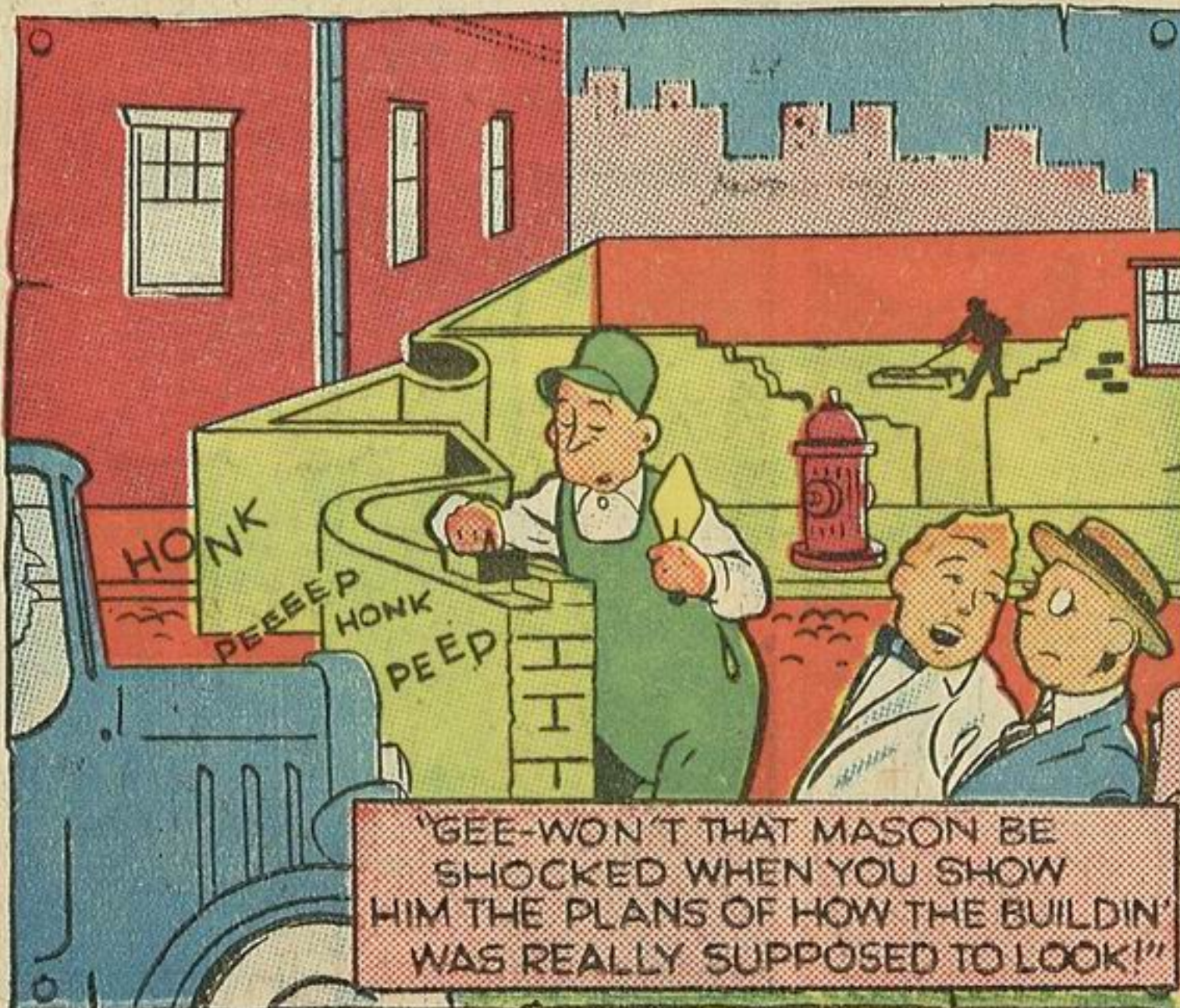
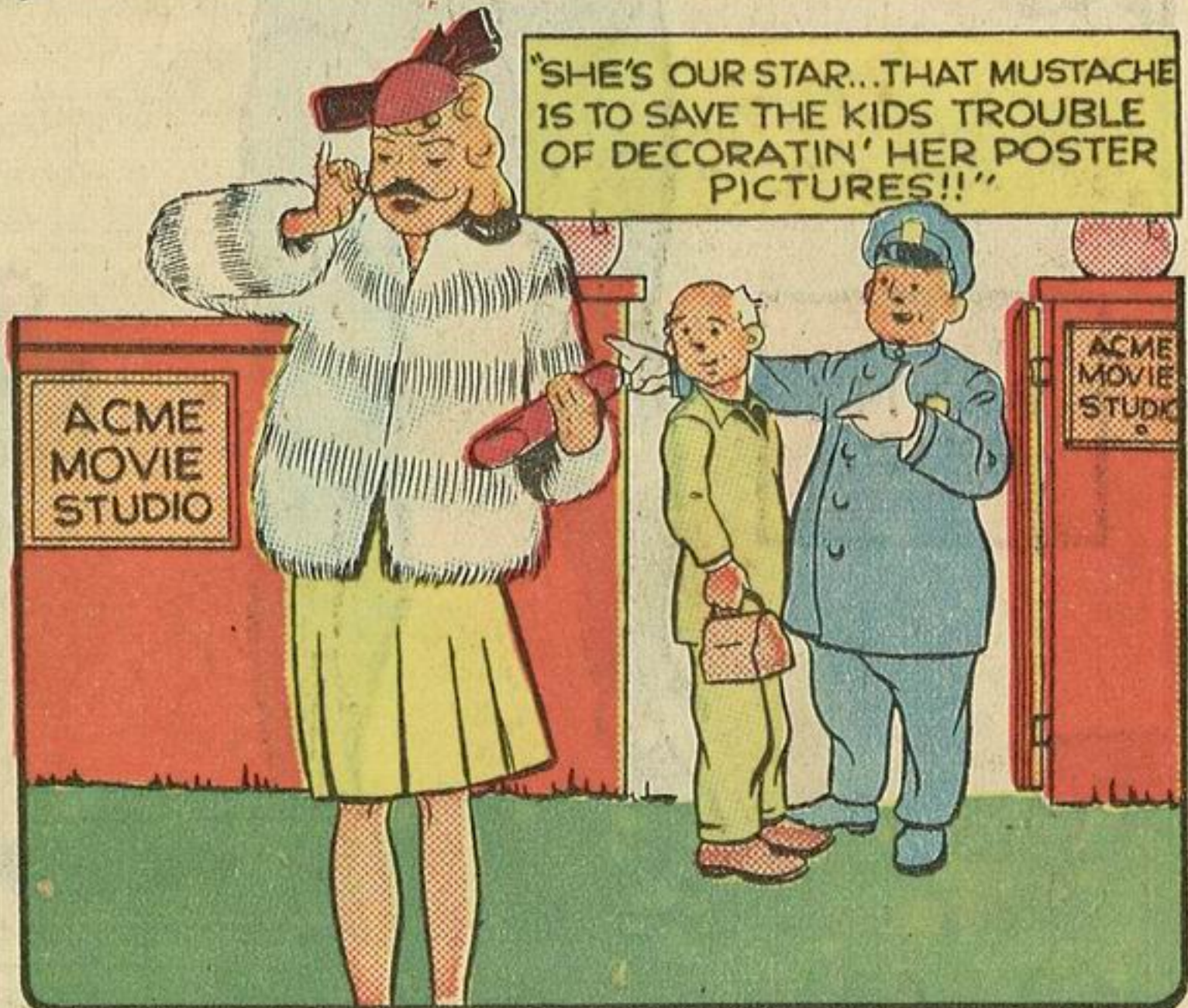
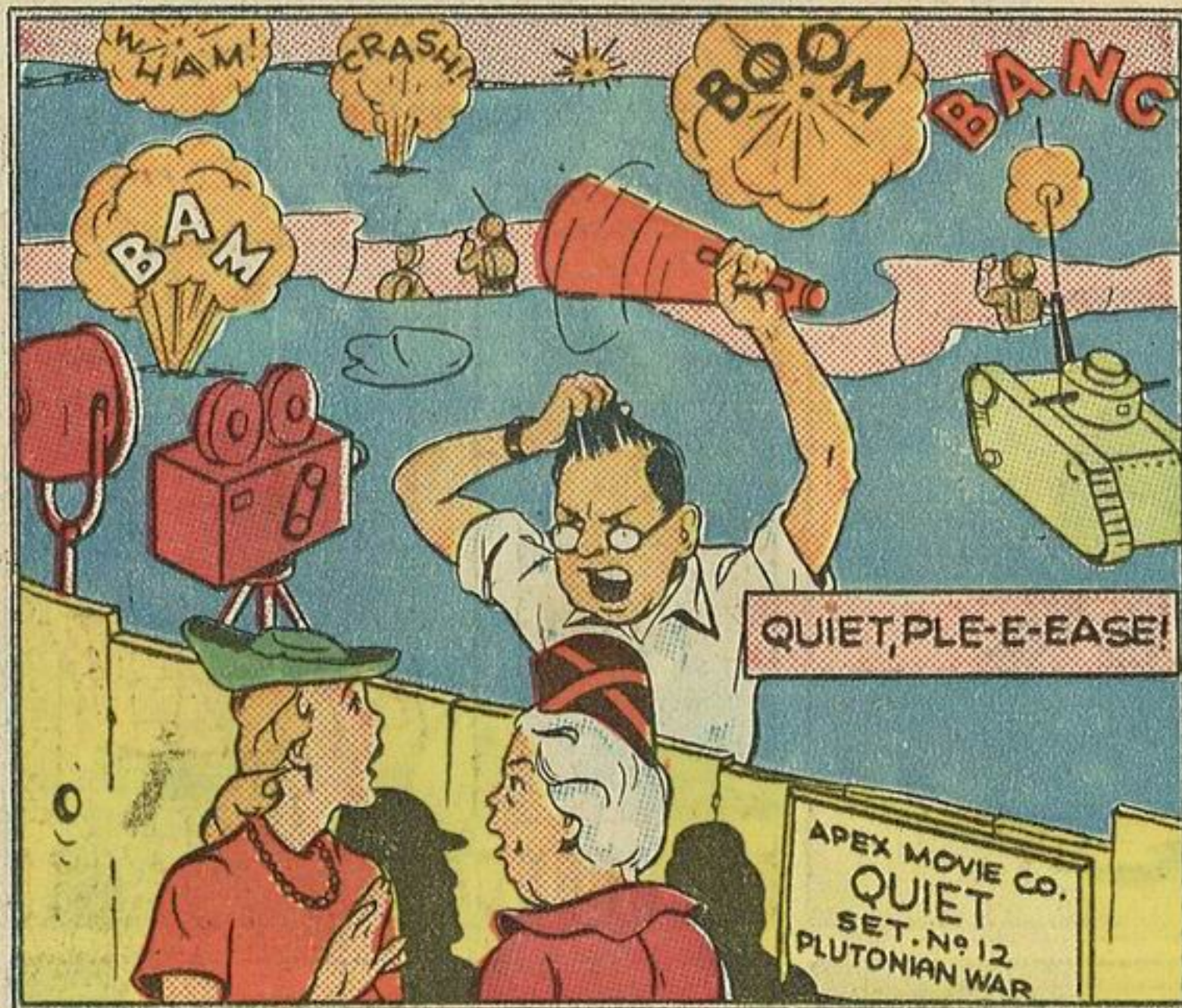
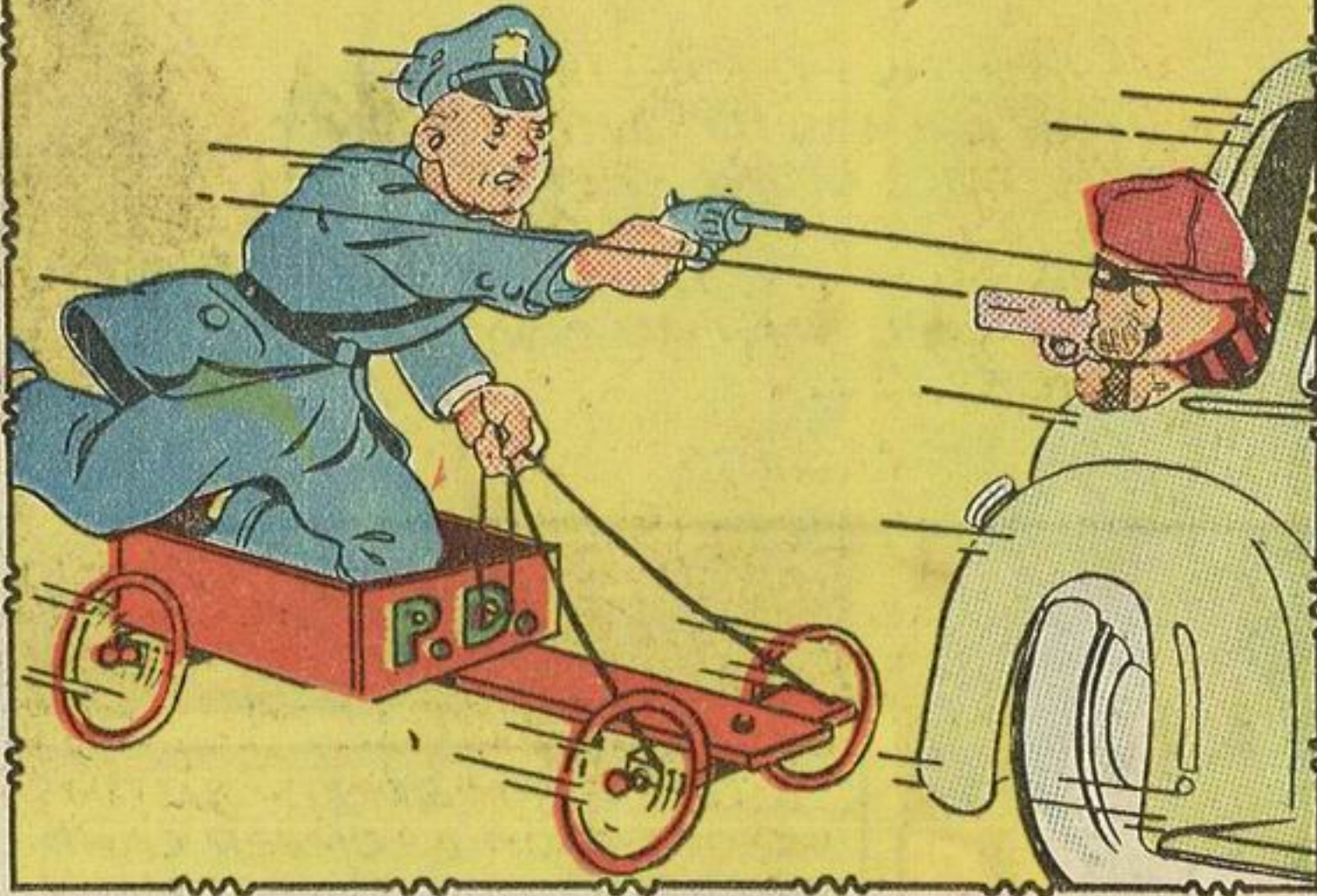




# THE LAUGH PARADE

by TONY DI PRETA

"IF THE CITY DOESN'T STOP CUTTING EXPENSES ON OUR PATROL CARS, I'M GONNA QUIT!!"





# JUSTIN WRIGHT.

WITH TWO ROCK-LIKE FISTS AS HIS ONLY WEAPONS, JUSTIN WRIGHT GOES FORTH TO FIGHT CRIME AND EVIL - WHETHER THE CRIMINAL IS ONE OR MANY, THOSE FLYING FISTS FLAIL IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE-----

WAYNE REID.

A TELEGRAM BRINGS JUSTIN WRIGHT FROM A LUMBER CAMP WHERE HE WORKED FOR MANY YEARS, TO THE LAW OFFICES OF CRONIN, FOX AND DI PRETA-

OKAY WOODPECKER, MR CRONIN'LL SEE YOU NOW-

WHY YOU WET-NOSED LITTLE--

PRI

I SUPPOSE YOU WONDER WHY I'VE BROUGHT YOU CLEAR ACROSS THE CONTINENT, EH, WRIGHT?

YES-I HAVE--

WELL THIS IS YOUR 26<sup>TH</sup> BIRTHDAY AND YOU FALL HEIR TO YOUR MOTHER'S AND FATHER'S FORTUNE--

MOTHER-A-AND FATHER--I-I DIDN'T KNOW I HAD ANY PARENTS--





AND AS JUSTIN WRIGHT WALKS TOWARD THE OLD HOUSE--





SOON WRIGHT IS INSIDE THE OLD HOUSE---

A LITTLE FIXING UP AND THIS WON'T BE TOO BAD--



NOW TO SEE WHAT'S IN THIS BOX?



HMM--NOTHING BUT THIS OLD SILK SCARF---PROBABLY BELONGED TO MY MOTHER--



BET SHE LOOKED SWELL WEARING IT-- SAY----



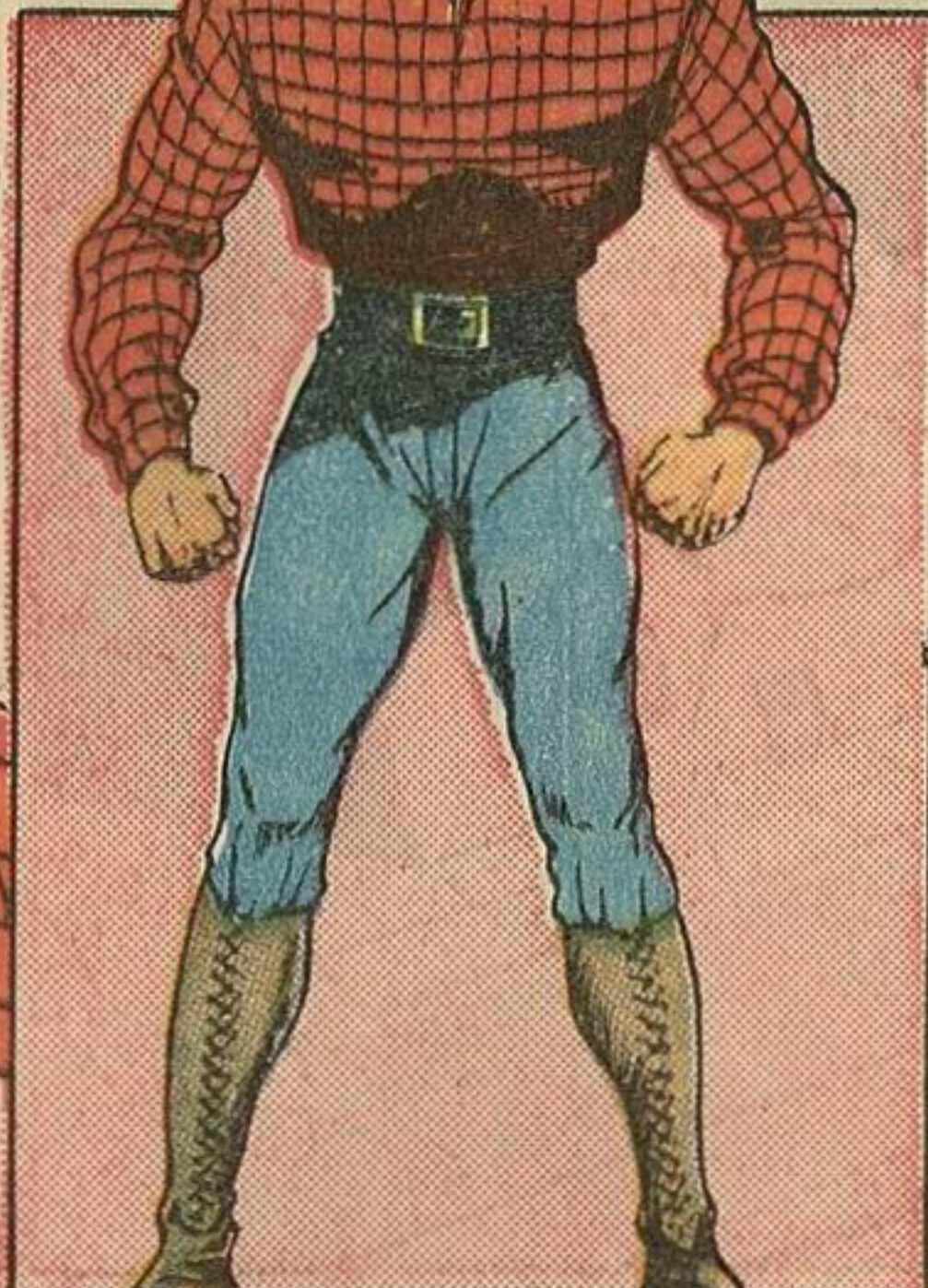
YOU CAN SEE THROUGH THIS PLAINLY--



BUT YOU CAN'T SEE BEHIND IT!!



I'VE GOT IT!  
I'LL USE THIS AS A BLINDFOLD MASK-- LIKE JUSTICE--



AND I VOW AN UNENDING WAR AGAINST ALL THAT IS EVIL-- IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE!

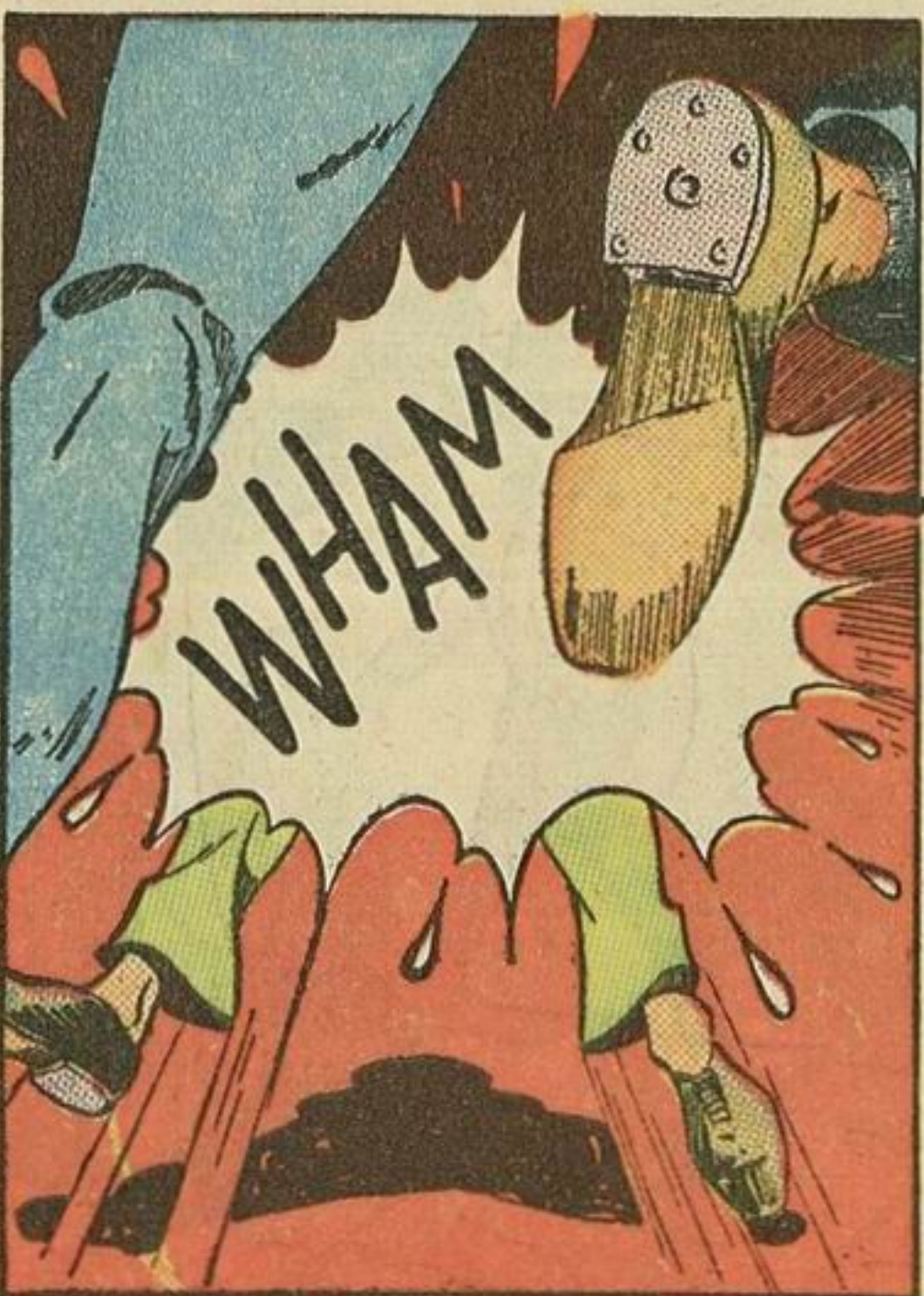
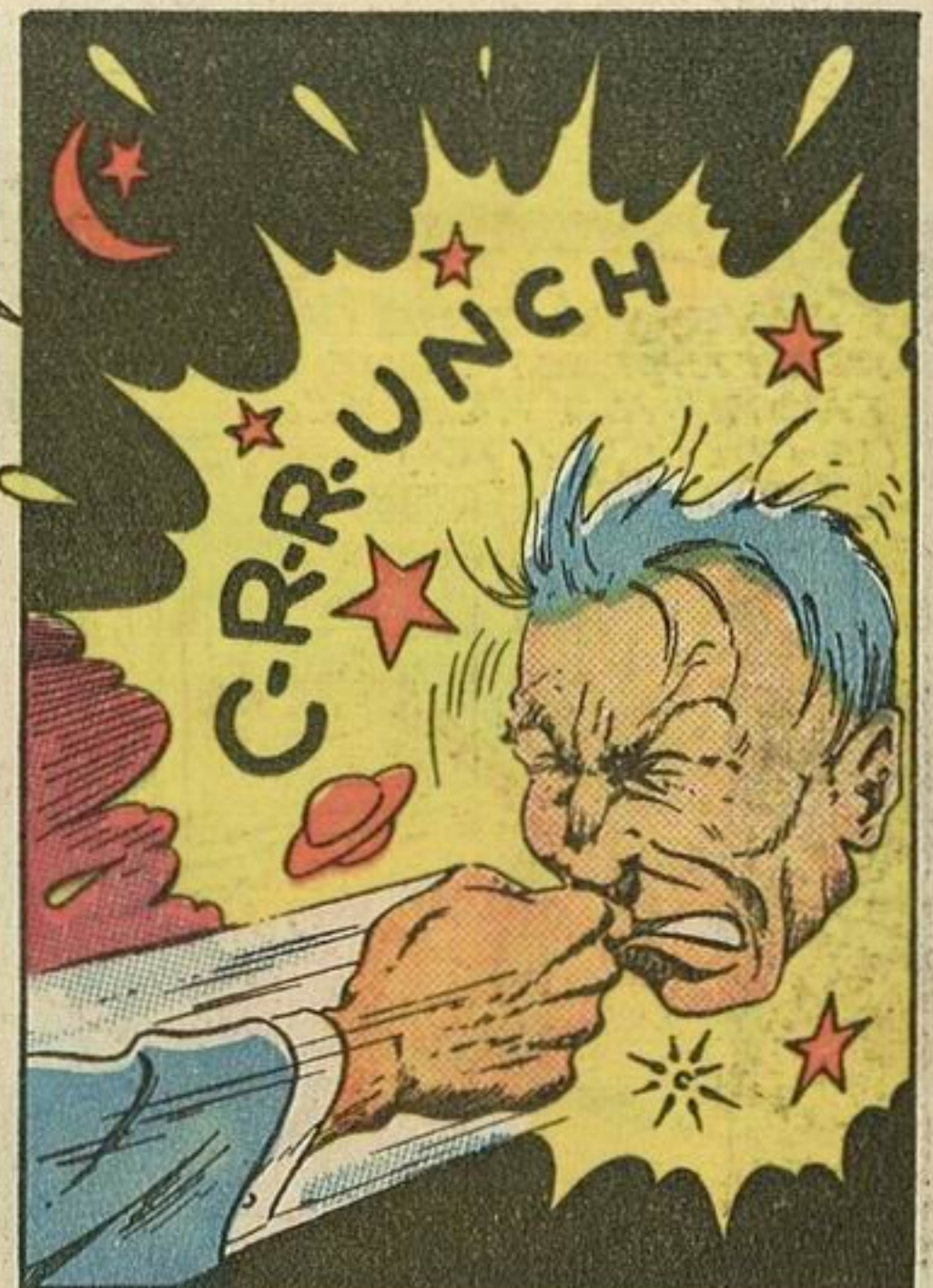
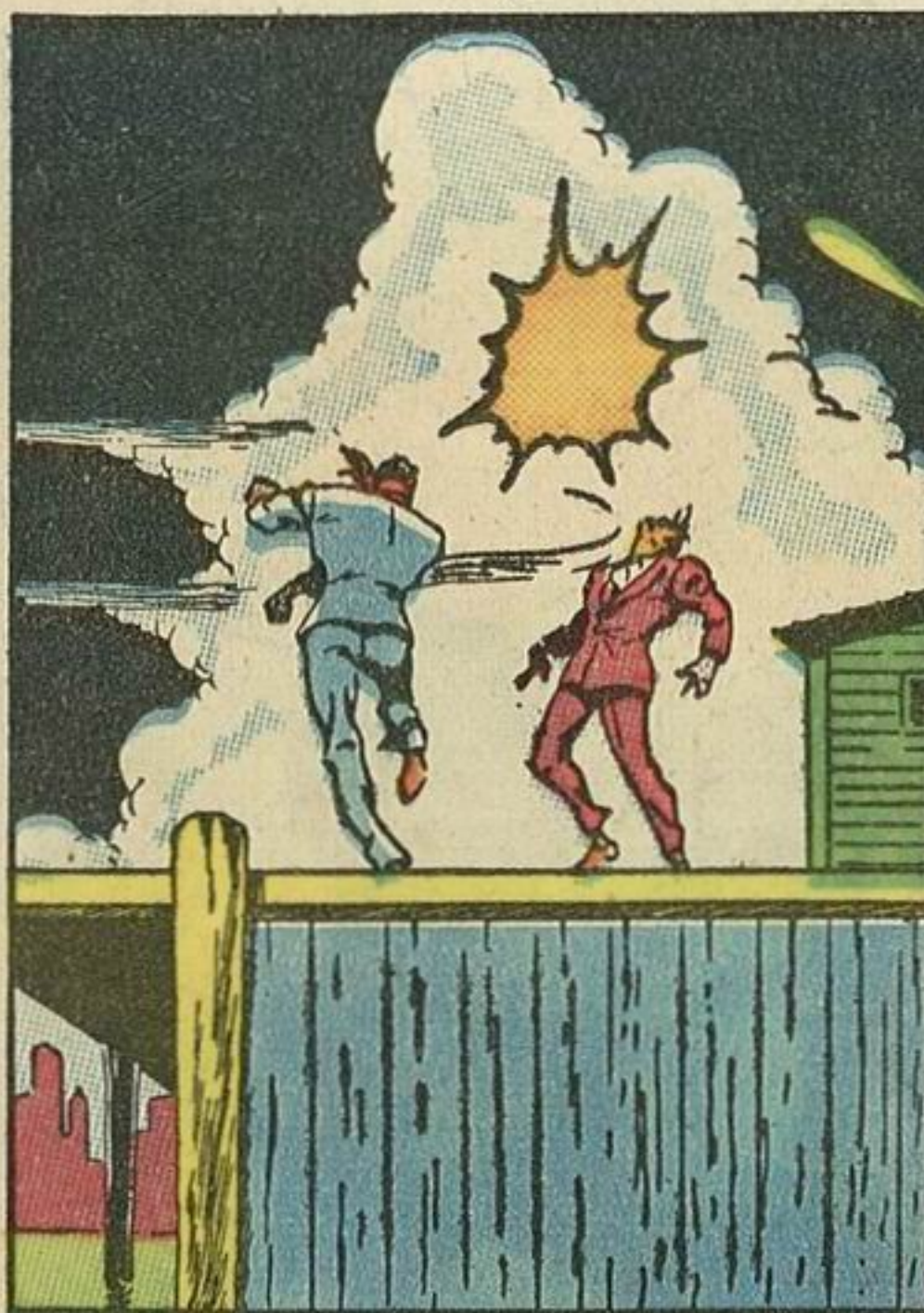




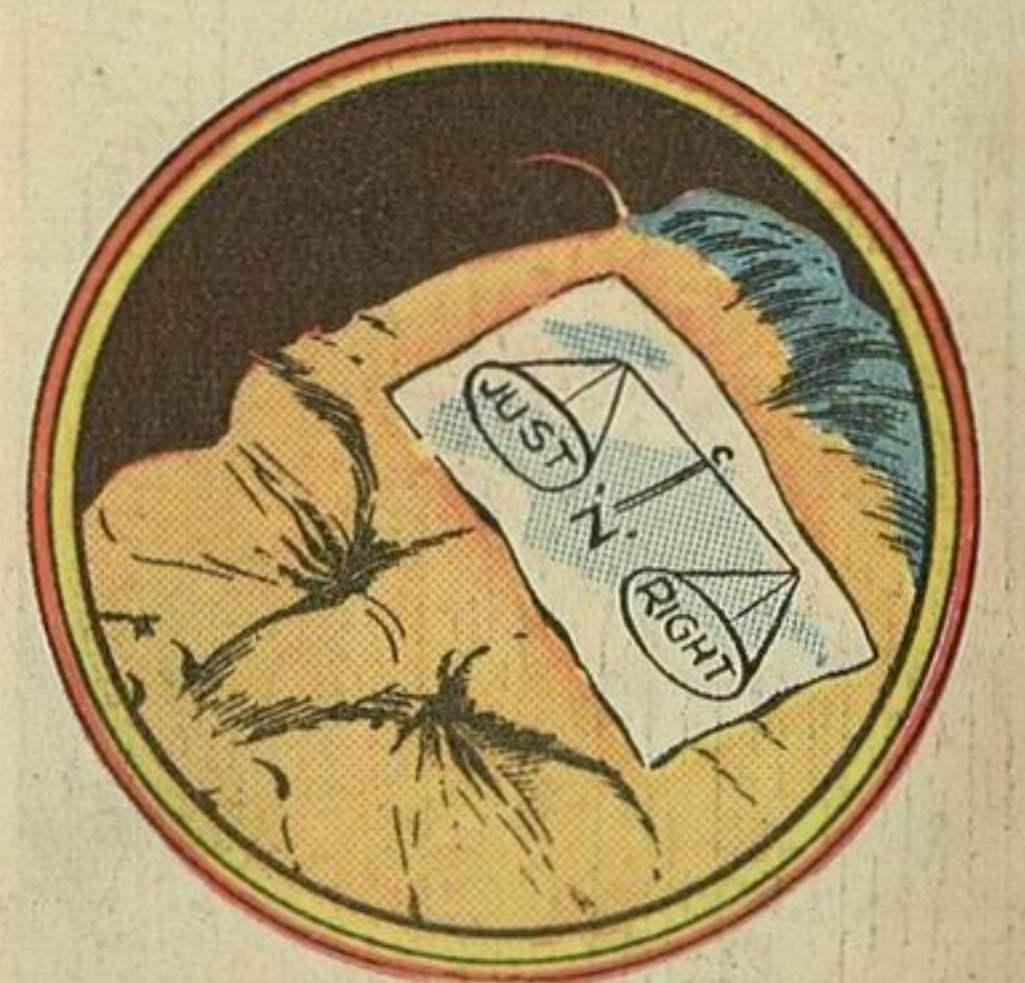
ONE MONTH LATER IN THE HIDE-  
OUT OF AN UP AND COMING  
MOBSTER, PETY DIRK---







AND STUCK TO THE FOREHEAD OF THE UNCONSCIOUS GANGSTER IS THE SEAL OF JUST 'N' RIGHT---





AND AS THE SCREAM OF POLICE SIRENS GROWS CLEARER, JUST 'N' RIGHT FADES INTO THE NIGHT--

NOW TO PAY THE HIDE-OUTS OF SKIZONE AND DIRK A VISIT AND CLINCH THIS CASE AGAINST THEM!

LATER, IN CAPTAIN BRADY'S OFFICE IN POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS ---

HMM- I SEE YOU GOT THE NEW DOOR, CAPTAIN--

YES, JIM--

AND I WANT TO THANK ALL YOU BOYS WHO DONATED TOWARD IT-- I ALWAYS HATED THAT OLD WOODEN ONE--

YES, JIM- I'VE WANTED A GLASS DOOR WITH MY NAME ON IT MORE THAN ANYTHING FOR A LONG TIME--

THEN WITHOUT WARNING--

YEEOW!! MY NEW DOOR-- MY GOOD DOOR-- RUINED-- WHO--WHAT DID IT??

IT'S A PACKAGE, CAPTAIN!

AND THERE'S A NOTE TIED TO IT!

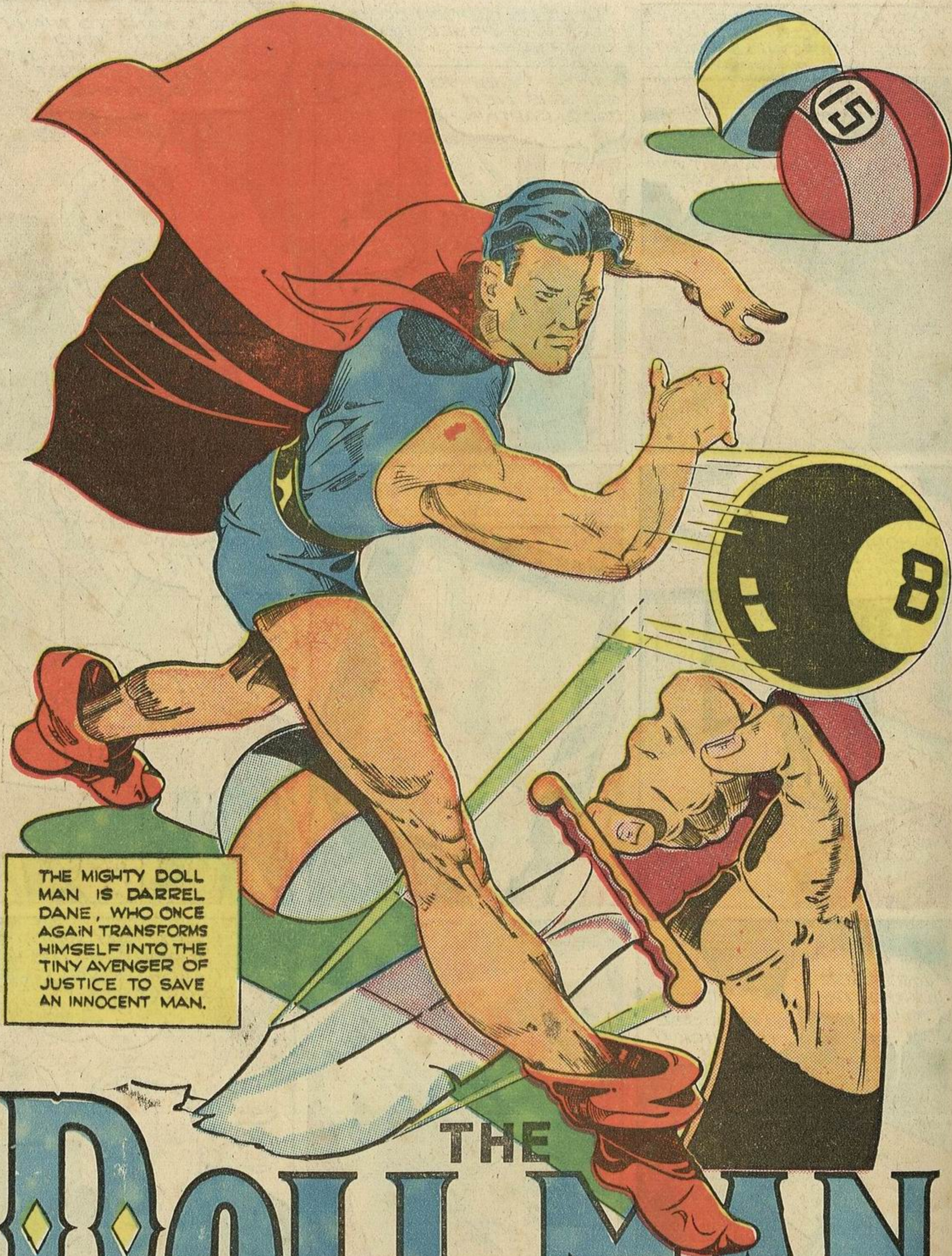
L-LET'S SEE IT--QUICK!!

Dear Cap:-  
This bundle of records contains enough evidence to put Skizone and Dirk behind bars for life.

JUST 'N' RIGHT

I'LL GET THAT BIRD, JUST 'N' RIGHT- IF IT'S TH' LAST THING I DO!!





THE MIGHTY DOLL  
MAN IS DARREL  
DANE, WHO ONCE  
AGAIN TRANSFORMS  
HIMSELF INTO THE  
TINY AVENGER OF  
JUSTICE TO SAVE  
AN INNOCENT MAN.

# THE DOLL MAN



ACROSS NEW YORK'S EAST SIDE SWEEPS A WAVE OF BRUTAL, MURDEROUS ROBBERIES, FRIGHTENED STOREKEEPERS GET TOGETHER WITH BANK AND INSURANCE OFFICIALS..



THAT'S WHY CAPTAIN O'TOOLE IS WITH US, BUT LET HIM TELL YOU!

YOU'LL BE GIVEN MARKED MONEY TO KEEP IN YOUR REGISTERS... YOU WILL MAKE CHANGE IN A SEPARATE DRAWER!!

GOOD! VERY GOOD!



IN A SORDID, SMOKE-FILLED POOL ROOM!

HEY JOE! YER SISTER'S OUTSIDE, WANTS A WOID WID YA!

SEVEN BALL IN THE SIDE POCKET.. OH FOR THE LOVE OF... OKAY....

DO YOU HAVE TO KEEP TABS ON ME? WANT THEM TO THINK I'M TIED TO YOUR SKIRTS?

JOE, THAT'S UNFAIR! THE ONLY REASON I BOTHERED YOU IS THAT MARTHA BROUGHT DARREL DANE OVER, AND I WANT YOU TO MEET HIM!



BACK IN THE POOL ROOM THE THUGS PLAN A ROBBERY!!

HOW ABOUT PULLIN' A JOB TONIGHT, NOSEY??

SURE! WHEN ARE WE GONNA USE JOE?

HE'LL COME IN HANDY SOON!!

OH, ALL RIGHT!

GO AHEAD JOE, BUY SOMETHING WE CAN NIBBLE ON



MEANWHILE, AT JOE'S HOME

CHIEF COOK AND BOTTLE-WASHER, THAT'S ME! WHAT'S THE MATTER, SCHULTZ... WHAT'S EATIN' YOU

HIMMEL! A HOLD-UP!!



AS THE STARTLED THUGS GAPE AT EACH OTHER, SCHULTZ FURTIVELY GROPE'S UNDER THE COUNTER.....

SLATS! NOSEY! WHY...

IT'S JOE! SMART BOY, EH?

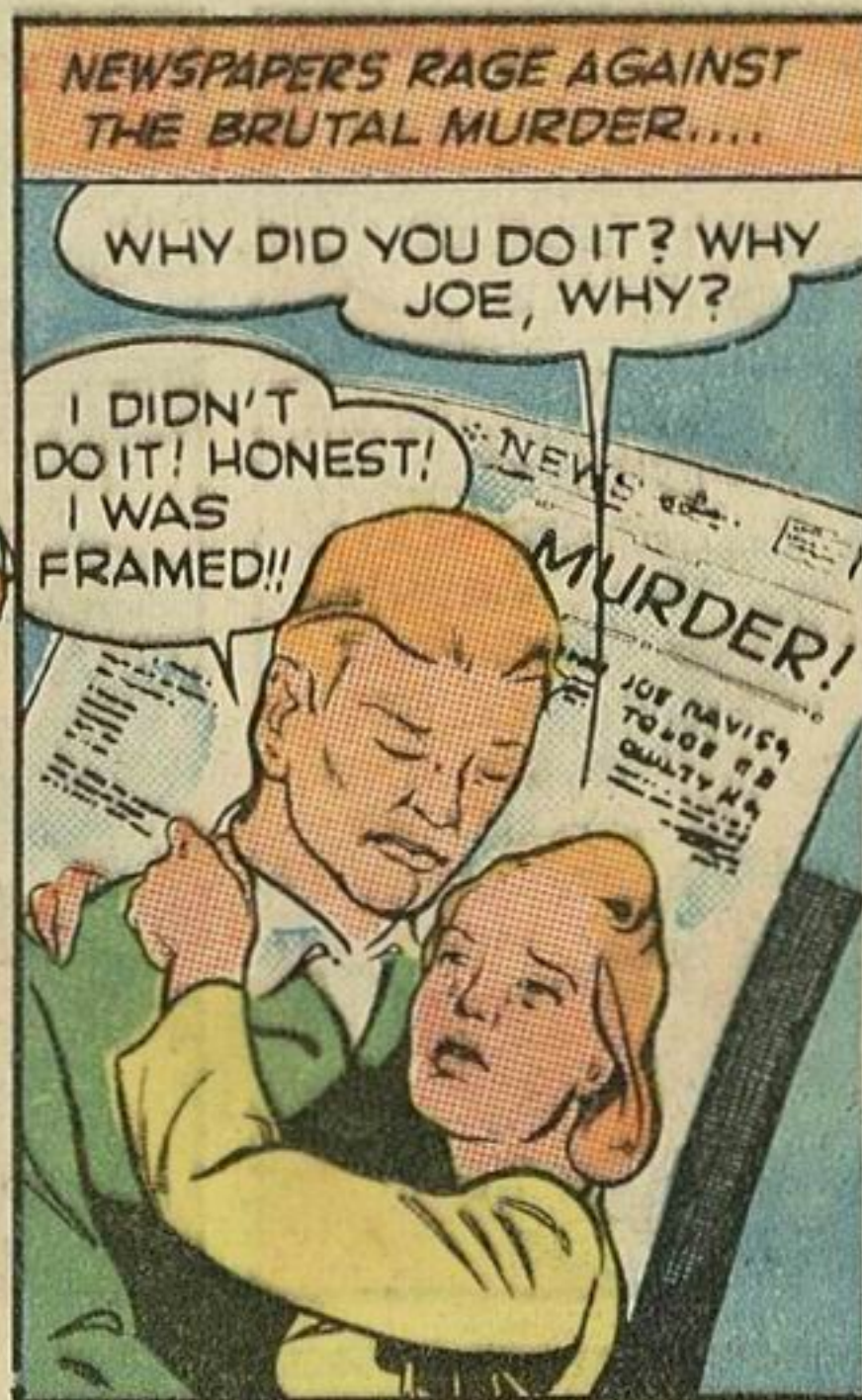


A THROWN GUN HITS SCHULTZ

NONE O' THAT, POP!









EASY, JOE! LISTEN.. I CAN PROVE YOUR INNOCENCE! THE MARKED MONEY WASN'T ON YOU.. AND IT'S NOT BEEN FOUND YET!

NO..NO.. I'VE GOT TO CRASH OUT! I CAN'T STAND IT!



I'M GOING NUTS! FIRST NORMAL PEOPLE PICK ON ME..AND NOW YOU! LET ME OUT OF HERE! LET ME OUT!

I'D BETTER GET OUT AND ADD THINGS UP!



LET ME GO! I'LL KILL MYSELF!... I'LL...

POOR KID!



C'MON, DOPEY DAVIS

IT'S A PIXIE!! HE TALKED TO ME! YAAAAH!



IN THE PRISON HOSPITAL

S'MATTER JOE? GOIN' SOFT, HUH? HA..HA ...NO JOE... DON'T!! STAY DOWN.. DON'T HIT ME !!



JOE OVERCOMES THE ORDERLY..!

NOBODY'S KEEPING ME IN HERE! I'M GETTIN' OUT!



WEARING THE ORDERLY'S UNIFORM, JOE FOOLS THE GUARDS!

HI, STRETCH, HOW'S TRICKS? HMM.. MUST BE CARRYING A GROUCH!



JOE ESCAPES IN A PRISON TRUCK..

HEY! WHERE YOU GOING WITH THAT TRUCK?

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW?



THE TRUCK GLIDES THROUGH THE GATES AND ROARS INTO THE NIGHT

STOP HIM! IT'S A PRISONER... HE'S ESCAPING!! HELP!!





IN DARREL DANE'S HOME THE RADIO BLARES THE NEWS

JOE DAVIS, CONDEMNED KILLER, HAS BROKEN LOOSE FROM PRISON! ORDERS HAVE BEEN GIVEN TO SHOOT ON SIGHT!!

THAT POOL ROOM IS ON DRAB STREET. ISN'T IT?



DARREL DANE APPROACHES THE POOL ROOM

HMM.. LOVELY-LOOKING CRIME-BREEDER.. WELL HERE GOES!!



INSIDE... THE BALLS CLICK MERRILY...

THE MARKED DOUGH IS IN THE SAFE .. WE'LL KEEP IT THERE TILL THINGS COOL OFF!

I'M GLAD JOE'S GONNA FRY.. AND NOT US.. ANOTHER SAP GONE WRONG!



DOES ANYBODY IN HERE KNOW JOE DAVIS??

NEVER HOID OF HIM

HUH.. PIPE DE DUDE!!



YOU'RE LYING! TAKE YOUR FILTHY DE NOIVE! HANDS OFF ME! CALLIN' US LIARS !!!

HERE, SOME KNUCKLES !!!



SUDDENLY BECOMING THE DOLL MAN DARREL WHIPS INTO ACTION!

OUCH! ME SHINS!

WHO DONE THAT?

I ASSUME ALL BLAME, GENTLEMEN!!



JUST A SUPERSTITION, LADS, I ALWAYS KNOCK WOOD FOR LUCK!! AND I'LL JUST USE THIS POOL CUE!



D'YOU APPROVE OF MY FORM, BOYS?



USING THE CUE THE DOLL MAN VAULTS ATOP THE TABLE

THE BALLS MAKE FINE AMMUNITION

I'LL TOSS 'EM.. YOU LUGS CATCH 'EM!!

LEMME OUTTA HERE!





**DRAWN BY THE NOISE, POLICE SMASH THEIR WAY IN..**

WHAT GOES ON HERE?

YOU MUGS OUGHTA BE PINCHED !!

BANK-SHOT IN CORNER-POCKET!



**THE DOLL MAN RUNS DOWN THRU THE TABLE'S BALL RUNWAY...**

JUST BIG ENOUGH !!

**HONEST!! SOME MIDGET WAS WRECKIN' DE JOINT!**

WELL, IF THAT'S NOT THE WORST EXCUSE...

IF YOU EVER BOTHER DECENT FOLKS AGAIN YOU ALL GET SLAPPED IN THE COOLER!

**AS THE POLICE LEAVE...**

WATCH DE DOOR.. THAT PEE WEE AIN'T GIVING US NO SLIP!

IF ANYBODY SEES HIM JUST CONK HIM!

GUESS I'LL SIT THIS ONE OUT... HMMM.. WHERE'D THEY HIDE THE MARKED MONEY?

**THE PROPRIETOR DROPS A BALL INTO A POCKET..**

BETTER GET THIS LAST ONE OUTTA SIGHT IN CASE THAT MIDGET THROWS AGAIN!

**RUNNING DOWN, THE BALL HITS THE DOLL MAN, EXPOSING HIM.. A HAND DARTS OUT...**

HERE'S THE LITTLE RAT!!

I GOT AN IDEA, THROW HIM IN DE SAFE.. DEN WE'LL FIGGER WHAT TO DO!

LISTEN TO HIM CHOIP!

MM.. GLUB.. ..BLUB..

HEH! IT'S GOOD TO HEAR HIM GROAN FER A CHANGE!

I'D LIKE T'DO THAT AGAIN! HE DIDN'T BOUNCE HARD ENOUGH!

**THE DIAL IS TURNED.... LOCKING THE GROGGY DOLL MAN SECURELY WITHIN !!**



INSIDE THE SAFE..THE DOLL MAN STUMBLES OVER A FLASHLIGHT!

DARN THIS DARKNESS! WHY! ITS A FLASHLIGHT..

A comic panel showing Doll Man inside a dark safe. He is wearing a purple robe and is stumbling over a flashlight. The scene is dimly lit, with the flashlight providing the only source of light.

HE ROLLS THE LIGHT TO A CORNER OF THE INTERIOR....

..NOW FOR A LITTLE LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT!

A comic panel showing Doll Man crouching in the dark, rolling the flashlight beam to a corner of the safe's interior. He is looking intently at the corner.

THE BRIGHT BEAM REVEALS A COMPLETE SET OF BURGLAR TOOLS ... AND A PILE OF MONEY!

HOW COZY! MAYBE ONE OF THESE CUTE GADGETS ...SA-A-Y, THOSE BILLS, I WONDER IF....??

A comic panel showing the flashlight beam illuminating a pile of money and a set of burglar tools. Doll Man is looking at the money with a curious expression.

MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT! THESE ARE THE MARKED BILLS! WELL, I'VE GOT THE EVIDENCE I WAS LOOKING FOR... BUT NOW THAT I'VE GOT IT, WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH IT?

A comic panel showing Doll Man sitting on the floor, examining a large pile of marked bills. He is looking at the bills with a thoughtful expression.

MEANWHILE, JOE DAVIS PARKS HIS GETAWAY TRUCK ON A DESERTED SIDE-STREET!

GOTTA GET RID OF THIS CAP AND JACKET.. THEN.. SAY, A CONSTRUCTION JOB. THEY USUALLY HAVE A SUPPLY OF.....

A comic panel showing Joe Davis parking his truck on a deserted side street. He is looking out the window, thinking about getting rid of his cap and jacket.

...DYNAMITE !!

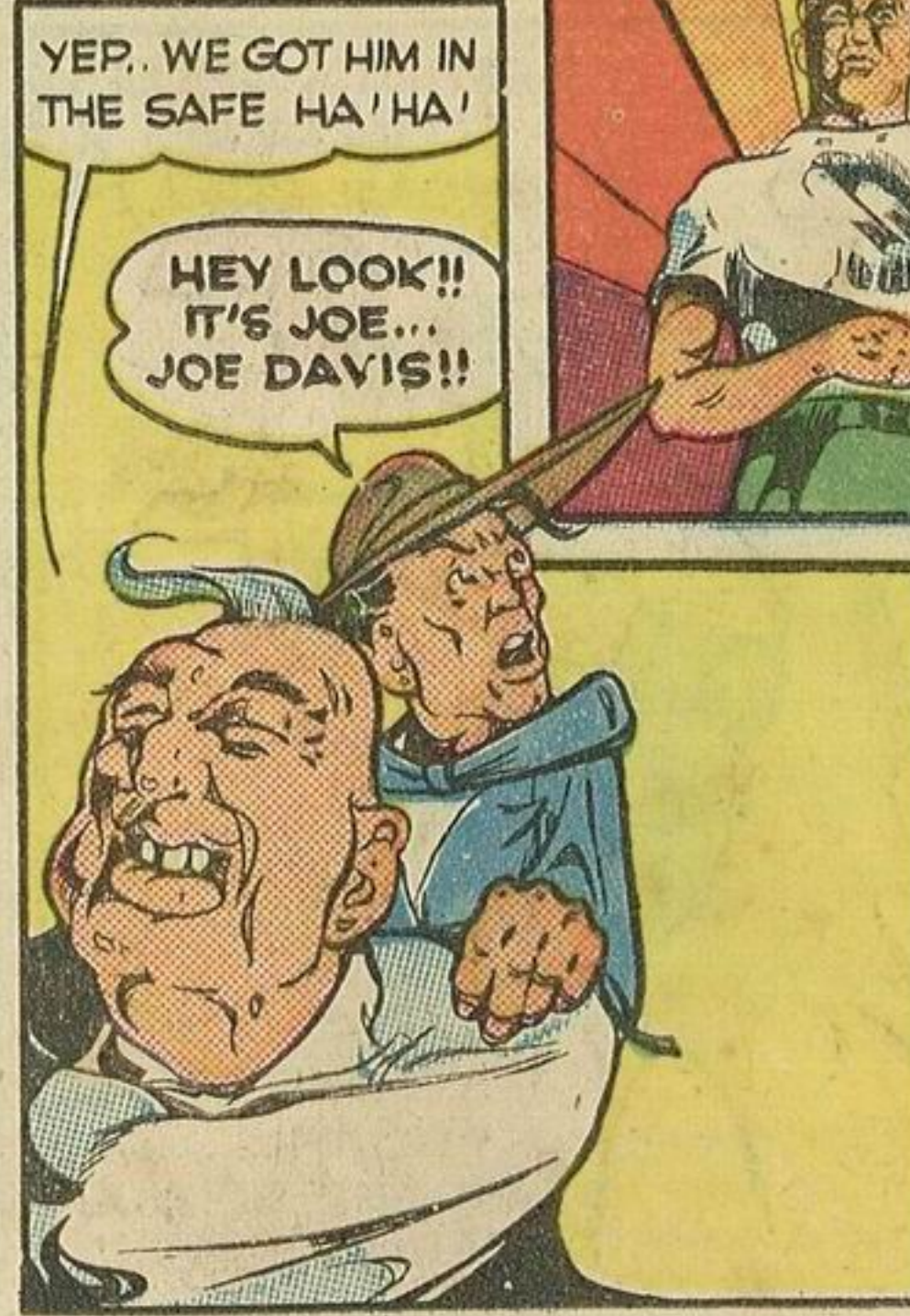
A comic panel showing a close-up of Joe Davis holding a stick of dynamite. He has a mischievous expression on his face.

BEARING A "LOAD OF DEATH" JOE DAVIS ADVANCES ON THE POOL ROOM!!

A comic panel showing Joe Davis walking towards a pool room. He is carrying a large, dark object that looks like a coffin or a large bag.

YEP.. WE GOT HIM IN THE SAFE HA' HA!

HEY LOOK!! IT'S JOE... JOE DAVIS!!

A comic panel showing Joe Davis inside the safe, looking at the camera. He is holding a stick of dynamite. Two other characters are visible in the background, looking surprised.

UH. HOW YA, JOEY!

YOU'RE LOOKIN' GOOD CHUM!

YEAH! WE GET SUN LAMPS IN EVERY CELL, YOU DOUBLE-CROSSIN' RATS!

A comic panel showing Joe Davis talking to two men. One man is wearing a hat and the other is wearing a blue shirt. They are all looking at each other and talking.







THE DOLL MAN PLUNKS ONTO A THUG'S HEAD

MIND MY DROPPING IN LIKE THIS?

OWOOO!



SPRING-BOARDING FROM THE THUG'S HEAD, HE SHOOTS TOWARD A BILLIARD SCORING WIRE

♪ SAILING SAILING ♪

L'KOUT!

OUTA ME WAY!



CATCH, JOE! HOLD THEM BACK WITH THIS!!

GET AWAY OR WE'LL BLAST YA!



TSK! TSK! MIND IF I DO A LITTLE EXCAVATING OF MY OWN, FIRST!

C'MON BOYS! THE BACK DOOR!!!



PANICKY, THE THUGS GO INTO REVERSE

THIS IS A GOOD SPOT FOR SOMEONE TO ASK ME WHAT I'M KICKING ABOUT



BETTER GET RID OF THIS DYNAMITE BEFORE IT GETS RID OF ME..OH..

IF WE CAN'T STOP YA, WEASEL..THIS SLUG WILL!



ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER, PAL!

NICE WORK JOE!

WHY YA!!!



SUDDENLY WHIRLING, SLATS PINS JOE TO THE FLOOR AND RAISES HIS GUN!!

YOU BEEN LIVIN' ON BORROWED TIME! DIS IS GOOD-BYE, JOE!



HURLING A CUE LIKE A JAVELIN, THE DOLL MAN HALTS THE SHOT.....

OW!! MY WRIST, IT'S BROKE!!!





AS THE REMAINING THUGS DASH FOR THE DOOR, THE DOLL MAN LEAPS AMONG THEM....

WAIT UP FELLAS...

YAAAAH!! TAKE HIM OFFA ME !!



I'LL TEAR YOU APART, RUNT!

HEY! DAT'S ME YER SLUGGIN'!

EXCUSE ME NOW.. I'LL BE BACK..



S-STAND UP AND F-F-FIGHT! WHERE IS HE ??

OH! I'M GROGGY.. YA HIT ME!

DON'T HURT ONE ANOTHER, BOYS!



AS THE SHADOW OF THE LAW FALLS ACROSS THE POOL ROOM WALL THE DOLL MAN GRABS UP A CUE...

TIME TO LEAVE..



WITH HIS TERRIFIC STRENGTH HE VAULTS THE LENGTH OF THE ROOM AND THROUGH THE TRANSOM!!



DE ONE TIME WE TELL DE TRUTH, NOBODY B'LIEVES US!

THESE ARE THE REAL KILLERS OF SCHULTZ, OFFICER! YOU'LL FIND ALL THE EVIDENCE YOU NEED IN THE SAFE



YEAH? WHO ARE YOU TO KNOW SO MUCH.. AND WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE?

THAT, MY FRIEND, I INTEND TELLING TO THE JUDGE!

YOU SURE WILL!



A FEW DAYS LATER.. THE CHAMBERS OF SUPREME COURT JUDGE DOUGLAS

DAVIS, YOU ARE HEREBY GRANTED YOUR FREEDOM! GOOD LUCK MY BOY!

OH JOE!

GEE, SIS, I'LL MAKE YOU PROUD OF ME FROM NOW ON!



LATER, AT DARREL DANE'S CLUB

WELL JOE, WOULD YOU LIKE A GAME OF BILLIARDS?

NO THANKS, DARREL! FROM NOW ON IT'S PING PONG OR NOTHING FOR ME!





# THE DOLL MAN

THE AMAZING DOLL MAN, IN  
REALITY DARREL DANE,  
CHEMIST DIRECTS HIS  
MIGHTY STRENGTH TO  
MOPPING UP NEW MEN OF  
CRIME AS HE BATTLES  
FOR BLACK GOLD!!





A KNIGHT OF THE ROAD  
MATCHING WITS WITH  
THE POLICE OF FORTY-  
EIGHT STATES, TOSSES  
CUBES WITH A PRACTICED  
WRIST!

LITTLE JOE!!!  
WHEW! HE  
DONE IT AGAIN!



SORRY (COUGH) I HAD TO  
WIN YOUR OIL FIELD, FRIEND,  
BUT THAT'S... ER... FORTUNES  
OF WAR. NEVER BEAT A  
MAN DOWN, I SAY! HERE'S  
A HALF DOLLAR!

WHY, THANK  
YE!



LATER... DREAMING SOFT  
DREAMS OF BLACK GOLD

PECULIAR OLD SPECIMEN!  
HMM... SEEMED TO VALUE  
MY HALF DOLLAR MORE  
THAN HIS WELL... ULP..  
BY JOVE, IT WAS WORTH  
MORE!



HELLO, MY  
GOOD  
MAN-  
AHEM, I  
TRUST  
YOU'RE  
COMFORT-  
ABLE!

NO COMPLAINTS,  
MISTER.  
EVER  
SINCE THIS  
WELL RAN  
DRY TWENTY  
YEARS AGO  
I BEEN LIVIN'  
HERE AND  
NOBODY AINT  
BOtherED  
ME....



FRIEND, I OWN  
THIS... ER...  
ENTERPRISE!  
... ULP... DID YOU  
SAY TWENTY  
YEARS SINCE  
ANYBODY WAS  
HERE?

HOPE LUCY  
DIDN'T  
SCARE YE  
NONE. YES  
SIR,  
TWENTY  
YEARS!



LIVE STOCK!  
AN IDEA!  
I'LL SELL  
STOCK!  
AND  
WEESEL'S  
THE MAN  
TO HELP!

HMMM...  
SUTTINLY  
DO  
TALK  
QUEER!  
THAR...  
THAR...  
LUCY. WELL  
BOTH  
KEEP ON  
SETTIN'!



DAYS LATER... AT A  
BOWERY FLOP-HOUSE

I AM... AH... DR.  
ROSDICK. IS  
PROFESSOR  
WEESEL ON  
THE PREMISES?

DE PROF  
IS  
UPSTAIRS  
... IN HIS  
SOOT!



THE PROFESSOR  
COMPLETES AN ELABORATE  
TOILET!

MY  
DEAR  
PROFESSOR!

DR. ROSDICK!  
AND WHAT  
BRINGS  
YOU TO  
MY... ER...  
SUITE?



I HAVE FALLEN HEIR TO  
A BIT OF PROPERTY, FOR  
... ER... A VERY SMALL  
SUM, ER... I THINK IT  
MIGHT YIELD GENEROUSLY  
... HA... HA...

I'M ALL EARS,  
MY DEAR DOCTOR!





AN HOUR LATER...

GENIUS! SHEER GENIUS!

UH-HUH, I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE MY IDEA!

I HAVE A BIT OF CAPITAL TUCKED AWAY FOR SUCH A PROFOUND PLAN!

YES, HEH.. HEH.. SO I SEE.

AND SO TWO GENTLEMEN DECIDE TO REFRESH THEIR SLIGHTLY OUT-DATED WARDROBES.

YOU PATRONIZE A GOOD TAILOR!

THEY SAY CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN!

FOR ME NOTHING BUT THE BEST IS GOOD ENOUGH!

MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING BUT IT CERTAINLY IS A HELP!

THE NEW-RICH OIL COMPANY IS OPENED FOR BUSINESS!

OUR ADVERTISEMENTS HAVE ALREADY BROUGHT FRUIT! HMMM MUST SEND A FEW MORE RELEASES TO THE PAPERS....

NOT TO FORGET OUR RADIO TALKS. RADIO REACHES A LOT OF EARS HEM...HEM...

NEXT MORNING AS CROWDS RESPOND TO HIGH PRESSURE...

WHEW! WHAT'S THIS ABOUT A DEPRESSION?

I-I WANTA BUY...

HEY, QUIT SHOVIN'! WAITCHA TURN!

DANE ENTERS THE ADJACENT OFFICE OF MARTHA'S FATHER...

HELLO, DANE, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET DR. ROSDICK WHO IS INTERESTED IN THE LITTLE VENTURE NEXT DOOR!

LITTLE VENTURE? WHY THERE'S A MOB OUTSIDE! HOW DE DO. THE OIL BUSINESS IS BOOMING THESE DAYS!

BY THE WAY DOCTOR, HOW IS THE EFFLUVIAL FLOW OF LAMINATED LUBRICOL?

HARUMPH.. YES, THE GROUND'S A BIT FERROUS BUT...ER... I MUST BE GOING. LOVE THE CLANG OF THE CASH REGISTER YOU KNOW. HA! HA!

DOCTOR! THAT MAN'S AN IMPOSTOR! HE BIT SO HARD AT MY DOUBLE TALK THAT HIS TEETH STUCK!

LISTEN DANE... THAT DOCTOR ROSDICK IS A SCIENTIST!



THAT NIGHT AT ROBERTS' HOME....

I REPEAT, DR. ROSDICK STATES THAT NEXT WEEK THE OIL WILL FLOW!

AND I SAY THAT MAN'S A RANK CROOK!

DARREL YOU'RE ALWAYS SO SUSPICIOUS OF EVERYBODY.



OUTSIDE THERE'S A BLINDING FLASH AND DARREL BECOMES DOLL MAN



LATER IN AN OFFICE BUILDING A PEN SCRATCHES A NOTE....

*Just to inform you that the probe and myself have charter a plane for the purpose of the purpose of the exact date of the oil's flow*

DOLL MAN CONDUCTS A PRIVATE TOUR OF INVESTIGATION!

MIGHT AS WELL GET OUT WHILE THE GETTING OUT'S GOOD!

YES, DOCTOR, AND WE'VE A SPECIALLY HIRED PLANE WAITING FOR US!



DOLL MAN'S MIGHTY MUSCLES SHOOT HIM FORWARD IN A MASTERFUL LEAP...

HAHA... SOON LIKE TWO VULTURES... ER... I MEAN SWANS.. AND WE'LL FLY!



THE LEAP.. IT LANDS DOLL MAN IN THE PROFESSOR'S SATCHEL

S-AAA-Y... THIS BAG'S GETTING HEAVY!

WITH ALL THE MONEY YOU HAVE IN THERE YOU SHOULDN'T COMPLAIN!



THE GETAWAY PLANE....

HEY... WHAT WAS THAT? I THINK THAT CARRYING THE MONEY HAS GONE TO YOUR EARS... ER.... I MEAN YOUR HEAD!

OUCH!



AS THE PLANE NEARS ITS DESTINATION IT HITS A SUDDEN POCKET OF AIR, AND A TINY FIGURE...

EXCUSE ME! I'M AS MUCH EMBARRASSED AS YOU!

WHAT THE...

EGAD... SPPLFFTT!



WITH THESE EARS YOU DON'T NEED A PLANE!

GET HIM OFF!

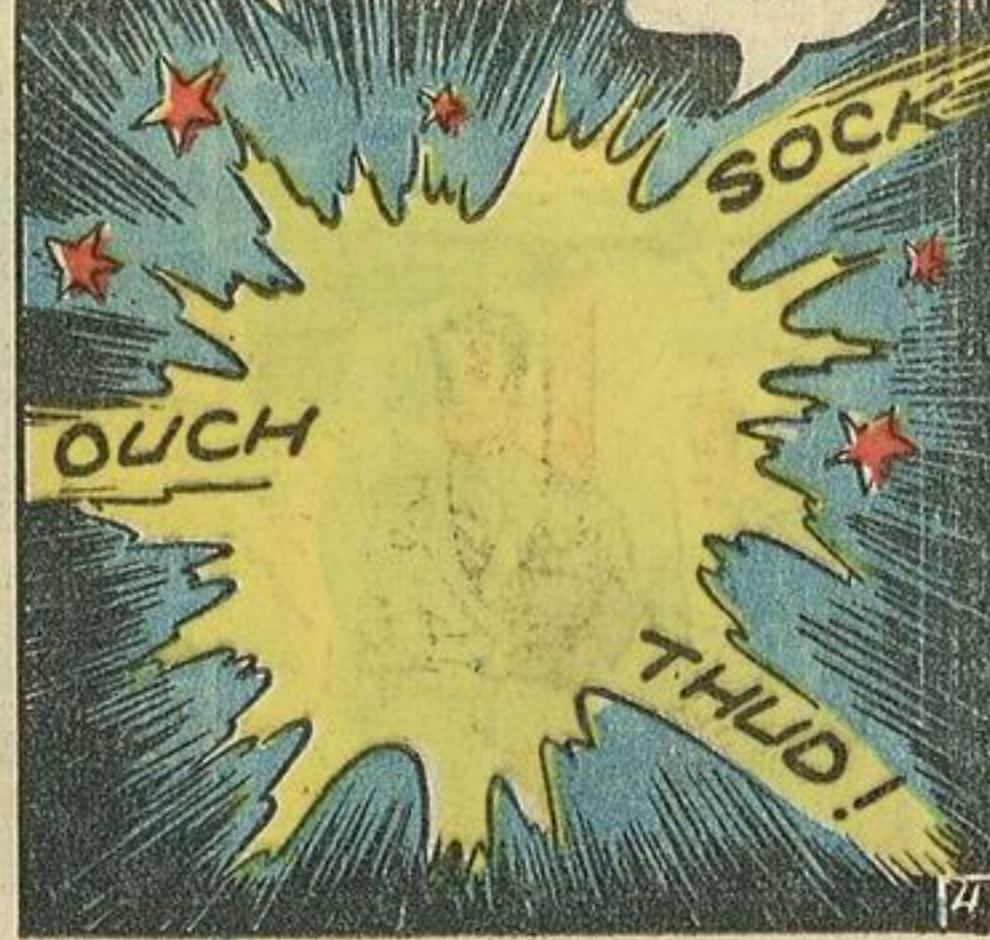
I'LL CRUSH HIM!



THE LIGHTS GO OUT AS THE PLANE HITS A STORM AREA!

HERE'S SOMETHING TO REMEMBER! ...OOOH!

I THINK I'VE GOT THE LITTLE IMP!





CLEARING THE DISTURBED AREA, THE PLANE LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN.



DOLL MAN PUTS THE MEN OUT WITH THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER...



AS THE PLANE GLIDES DOWN TO A LANDING, DOLL MAN SEIZES A FISTFUL OF MONEY, AND DIVES CLEANLY THRU THE WINDOW.



BEFORE THE PLANE'S OCCUPANTS CAN COLLECT THEMSELVES, DOLL MAN BECOMES DARREL DANE!



WHAT A DELIGHTFUL SURPRISE DR. ROSDICK, MY... MY... DID YOU TWO BUMP HEADS?



MR. DANE, PROF. WEESEL O-O-H-H!



GASPING FOR BREATH, A RUNNING FIGURE APPROACHES...



THE AIR IS RENT BY A TERRIFIC CONCUSSION AS THE NITRO HITS BOTTOM!



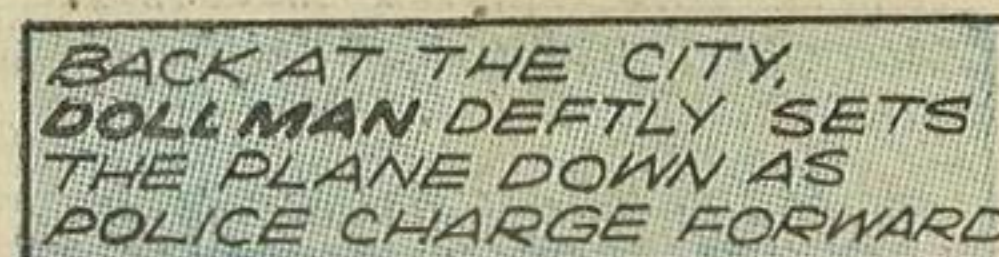
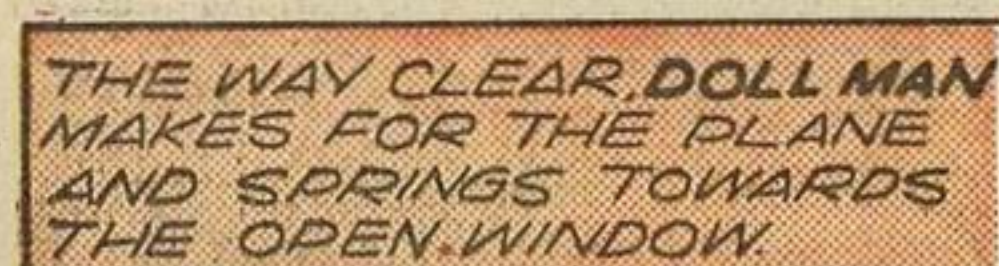
GUESS SHE HIT BOTTOM!













WITH DOLL MAN WANTED AS A THIEF AND DARREL DANE BRANDED A MURDERER, MARTHA AND PROF. ROBERTS WAIT SADLY AT HOME...

DARREL DANE WANTED FOR MURDER... AND NOW A TALK BY DR. ROSDICK... THE EMINENT SCIENTIST!



AND SO DEAR FRIENDS, RETURN YOUR STOCK AND RECEIVE YOUR MONEY IN FULL! I WAS WRONG... THE WELL WILL NEVER PRODUCE OIL....



DOLL MAN BECOMES DARREL DANE...



DANE LEAVES - A HUNTED MAN... LATER IN A DESERTED OFFICE BUILDING....

HA! HA! HOW THE FOOLS THANKED ME FOR RETURNING THEIR MONEY!



BEFORE THE DOOR CAN CLOSE DOLL MAN LEAPS ONTO THE TOP OF THE DESCENDING ELEVATOR.



LOOK - IT'S... DOLLMAN!



SEND THE CAR UP... WE'LL MAKE HIM EVEN SMALLER!



AS THE ELEVATOR ROOF SMASHES AGAINST THE TOP OF THE SHAFT.



AND A TINY POWERFUL HAND CATCHES THE CABLE WIRE!





AS THE CAR JERKS TO A HALT - PROFESSOR WEESEL STUMBLES...



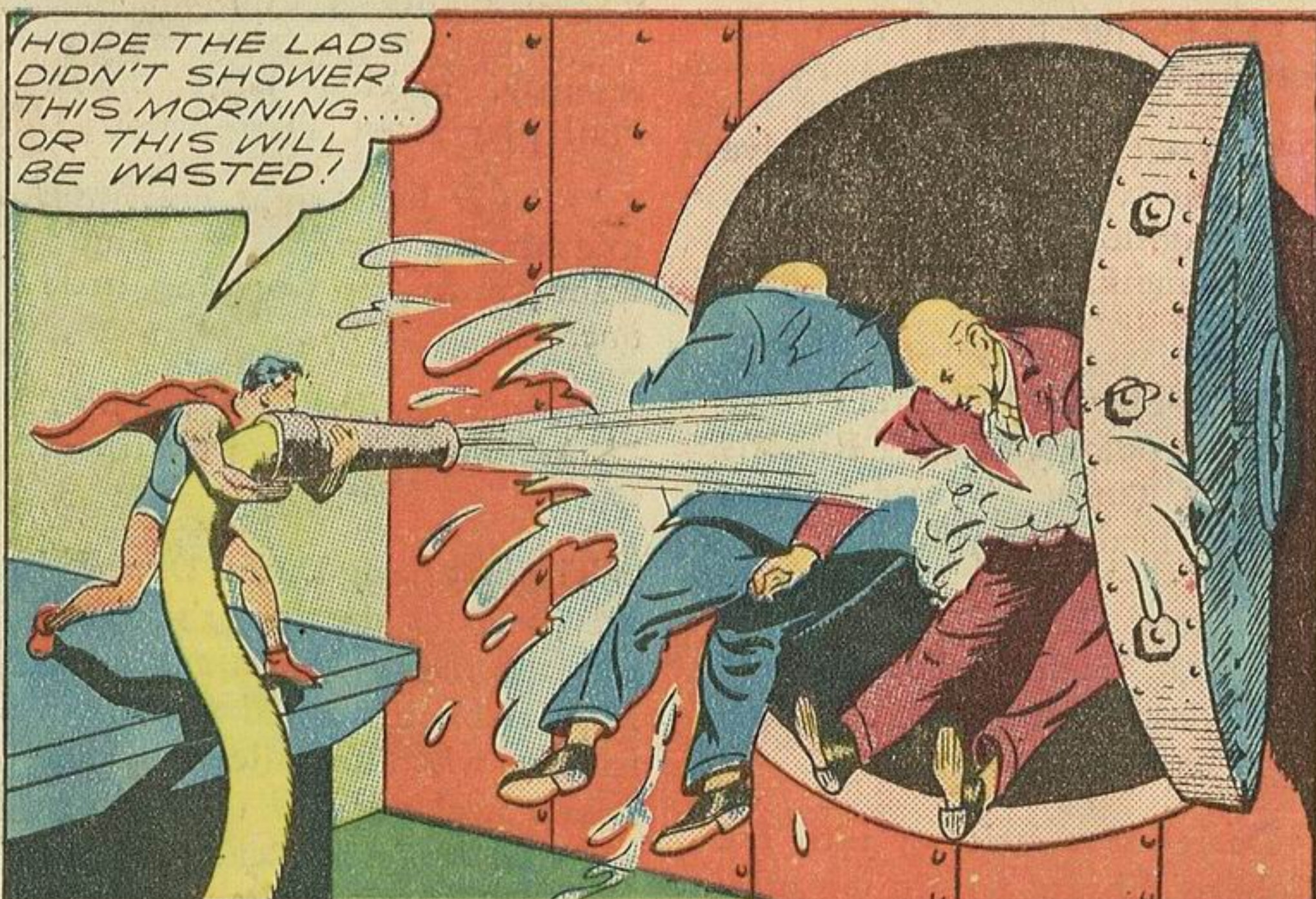
AND PEERS DOWN THE ELEVATOR SHAFT...







FAR FROM BEING DONE IN, THE MIGHTY MITE IS GALVANIZED BY THE ACTION OF THE ICY WATER



AS THE POLICE BURST INTO THE ROOM DOLLMAN DISAPPEARS. UNKNOWN TO OTHERS, HE BECOMES DARREL DANE!







Darrel Dane let the phone ring four times. He picked up the extension in his laboratory with a vicious jerk. He was in no mood for interruptions; for ten solid hours he had been bending over his microscope, intent upon following the erratic course of a most illusive germ—which had been eluding him for that many days.

"Yes!" he barked into the instrument.

"Darrel!" came the plaintive feminine voice over the wire. "I'm frightened, and I just know that something dreadful's happened!"

"Oh—Martha!" Darrel's voice was an apology. Martha Roberts was his fiancée. "Please forgive the old bear, but you see . . ."

"Listen, Darrel," interrupted Martha, "Father didn't come home last night. He . . . come right over!"

Darrel was striding into the Roberts' library within ten minutes. He had been doing a lot of thinking on the way over. Dr. Roberts was a fine chap, although somewhat eccentric. He loved just two things—his daughter Martha and his profession; he dabbled in various experiments in his spare time. He was at work at this moment, Darrel remembered, on some sort of paralysis ray machine.

"Two men called on Dad last morning," Martha explained. "They said they were from the War Office. And Dad left with them. He hasn't come back."

"H'mmm!" said Darrel. "Didn't even call you?"

Martha shook her head. Her firm little chin quivered. Darrel put a protecting arm about her.

"Easy does it," he soothed. "Some business matter holding him up, I'll wager."

But Darrel didn't really believe that. "Roberts' Ray" had received too much publicity; foreign powers knew about it. In fact, several agents of Europe's warring nations had approached him recently, making large offers. Foul play afoot, Darrel figured.

"I'll get busy right now," he told Martha. "In the meantime I want you to stop worrying, little one."

Martha smiled up at him. "You'll find him, I know you will Darrel!"

The first thing Darrel Dane did was to search the doctor's laboratory thoroughly. He found nothing out of place, and was about to leave when he noticed that the heavy steel door of the built-in vault was open a crack. That was where Dr. Roberts kept his precious machine when he was not busy working on it. A glance showed Darrel that the machine was gone!

Checking with the War Department in Washington, Darrel learned that no agent had visited Dr. Roberts in weeks.

"So that's it!" said Darrel to himself.

Darrel picked up a clue late that afternoon: a panel delivery truck had been halted outside the Roberts' home about seven o'clock that morning. It was a gray truck, with a wide blue stripe encircling its body.

Young Dane began a check of companies owning such trucks, and his search simmered down to the Valet Laundry Service, which operated a chain of such trucks. A phone call to their plant revealed that one of their drivers had not returned from his route.

Darrel didn't call the police. He simply got a record of the missing driver's route, and started out on a systematic search in his car.

It was near ten that night when he ran down the abandoned vehicle, parked along a lonely road about five miles out in the country. The driver was slumped over on the seat, shot through the head.

A hundred yards back from the road, almost hidden in a dense grove of maples, stood a dilapidated farm house. Darrel made



his way toward the house, wary and alert for stakeouts. He encountered none, and soon he was peering in a boarded-up window on the first floor. There was no light inside, but he sensed the presence of people close by. He also felt that there would be more than two men; the ray machine weighed about three hundred pounds.

There were three doors leading into the house. They were all heavily bolted and boarded over, the boards being fitted into grooves on the inside of the frames.

But this was no barrier for the amazing Darrel Dane, who could, upon occasion, slip through a three-inch grating.



Seemingly without effort on his part, a strange thing happened to young Dane, witnessed only by a watery moon swimming through a mass of tearful clouds hanging low over the countryside. He began to shrink! From his powerful six feet three, his body dwindled, almost in an instant, to a height of eighteen inches.

It was an easy matter to slip between the crack of two planks covering a window. Dane climbed down on a convenient chair inside, then slid down the leg like a Polynesian descending a palm tree.

"The cellar first," said the tiny man to himself.

The cellar door, bolted on the inside, led from the kitchen. Dane found a clothes shoot in one wall, but the square shaft was fully twenty inches across, and the walls perfectly smooth, polished by years of soiled linen traveling to the basement.

Darrel fastened a length of clothes line to the sink and tossed the rope into the shaft. Then he started down. A heap of old clothes at the foot of the shaft barred his passage, and he began wriggling through them.

His head broke into light after a moment, but the light came from another section of the cellar. Quickly he scrambled free and raced across the concrete floor. The lighted room was large, at least forty feet long and half that in width. At the far end, sitting on the edge of a vegetable bin, were five men—foreigners of official bearing. To one side of the room stood a small table and seated at it were two men—a squat, heavy-jowled fellow and Dr. Roberts. The squat man was speaking, in thick gutturals.

"We offer you one hundred thousand dollars, Dr. Roberts, for your machine. But as you know, we have it here, and if you refuse, we'll simply resort to—ah—confiscation. What is your answer?"

Roberts said, heatedly, "You fools! For the hundredth time, no! Do you think I'm a traitor? My invention is for the United States Government, and by heaven, it is going to get it!"

The squat man nodded toward the others. Two of them stepped forward. One of them held a gun.

"You will not reconsider, Herr Doktor?" he grated. "We must dispose of you, in the event that we take your machine without your consent!"

The squat man interrupted:



"You have only to sign that agreement in front of you, doctor, and the check will be placed in your hands . . . and you'll be freed."

"No!" screamed Roberts. "Go ahead and shoot me if you want to, but I'll never turn that machine over to your dirty government!"

"Ah!" sighed the gunman. "Then Herr Nichol, shall I—"

"Listen to me, you fools!" interrupted Roberts, "even if you do take the machine you can't use it. That's merely a working model, as I've told you, and it lacks the essential coils to make it work. Those coils, thank heaven, are in a safe place."

The squat man—Nichol—conferred in a foreign tongue with his henchmen.

In the meantime, Darrel Dane, tiny figure of a man, had been busy. He had witnessed the little drama through the crack in the door, which was partly open. And he realized that the situation was growing desperate. The doctor's life was definitely in danger. These men meant business. Carefully, making not a sound, he crept around the door and began moving toward the ray machine, which sat in one corner of the room.

The conference ended. The squat man came toward the machine; the others remained on their perch, like a flock of vultures waiting for the kill. The doctor, who was tied in his chair, sat with head bowed over the table.

"We'll test the machine on its inventor," the squat man rasped.

(Then a strange thing happened. From the twin lenses of the machine sprang two beams of bright red light. The light flooded over the squat man and his comrades. And without a sound they dropped in their tracks—paralyzed.)

The doctor looked up. Standing on top of the ray machine was the tiny man. He waved a hand, grinning.

"The Doll Man!" gasped the doctor. "Thank heaven, somehow I knew something would happen!"

Darrel Dane assumed his normal size and came forward. As he slit the ropes binding Dr. Roberts, he said wryly, "Next time you get kidnaped with your machine, you'd better leave those coils at home, really!"

WATCH FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF  
**The DOLL MAN**  
*Quarterly*  
ON SALE ABOUT DECEMBER 1ST



# COMIC QUIZ

## FOR KIDS



WHAT MOVIE STAR'S NAME DO THESE SYMBOLS REPRESENT?

(THANKS TO BUDDY ARNOLD, L.A. CALIF.)

EDITED BY  
MERLIN WHITE  
DRAWN BY  
ARTHUR BEEMAN

HOW  
TO  
FOOL YOUR  
FRIEND!

TELL HIM TO THINK OF A  
NUMBER—THEN DOUBLE IT  
—ADD TEN—DIVIDE BY  
TWO—THEN SUBTRACT  
THE NUMBER HE THOUGHT  
OF — AND THE  
ANSWER WILL ALWAYS  
BE

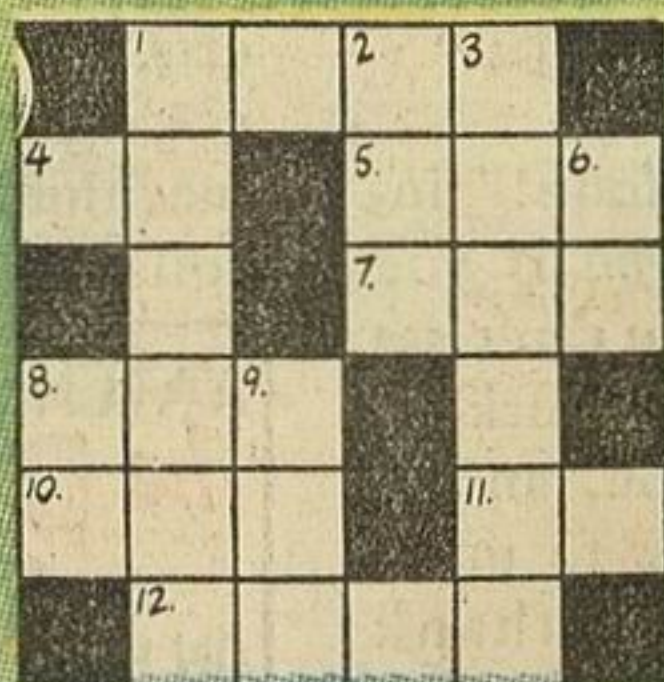
5

RARCY  
EM KACB  
OT LOD  
GIRANIVI

WHAT WELL-KNOWN  
SONG IS THIS GIRL  
SINGING?

TO FIND OUT, JUST  
UNSCRAMBLE THE  
LETTERS IN THE  
ABOVE WORDS  
—THEN RE-ARRANGE  
THEM...

BABY  
CROSS-  
WORD PUZZLE



- ACROSS-
- 1.- COUNTRY STREET
  - 4.- POST OFFICE
  - 5.- ATTEMPT
  - 7.- PART OF HEAD
  - 8.- WAGER
  - 10.- SINGLE
  - 11.- ALFRED
  - 12.- BUGLE CALL

- DOWN-
- 1.- RAT
  - 2.- EAT
  - 3.- PLAYS
  - 6.- YEAR
  - 8.- BOX OFFICE
  - 9.- BEVERAGE



LITTLE  
DOTTIE  
AND HER  
INVISIBLE  
FRIENDS.

CONNECT  
THE NUMBERED  
DOTS WITH A LINE  
AND FIND OUT  
WHAT IT IS  
THIS MONTH.

WOW - I MUST  
BE EVEN BETTER  
THAN I THINK  
I AM!



WHILE OUT HUNTING,  
WILLIE WUMPLE CAME  
ACROSS THIS OLD TARGET..

JUST TO PRACTICE UP ON HIS AIM,  
HE SHOT AT THE TARGET 5 TIMES.  
— AND SCORED 100 POINTS!  
WHAT WERE HIS SHOTS?



LITTLE SUSIE CAN'T  
FIND THE RIGHT WAY TO  
GET TO HER AUNT MARY'S  
HOUSE — WITHOUT  
CROSSING ANY LINE!  
CAN YOU DO IT?





# THE DOLL MAN





NIGHT ON THE HUDSON RIVER... FROM BENEATH THE BAGGING PIER GLIDES A WEIRD, BLACK GONDOLA...



AN EXPECTANT HUSH HANGS OVER THE WATER AS SUCTION CUPS FASTEN THE CRAFT TO THE SS. GLORIATANIA



THEN... FLY LIKE THE STRANGE HOODED FIGURE SCALES THE STEEL HULL BY MEANS OF SUCTION CUPS ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES...



SAY! WHO... QUIET! OR YOU'LL PAY WITH YOUR LIFE!!



SLIPPING THROUGH THE PORTHOLE, THE GONDOLIER FASTENS THE DOOR... AND AS THE PURSER CRIES FOR HELP...



IN A FEW MOMENTS, THE SAFE LOOTED, THE BLACK GONDOLIER TURNS TO LEAVE...



W.. WHY IT SAYS.. THE BLACK GONDOLIER!!



DAYS LENGTHEN INTO WEEKS AND NO SHIP IS SAFE FROM THE BLACK GONDOLIER.



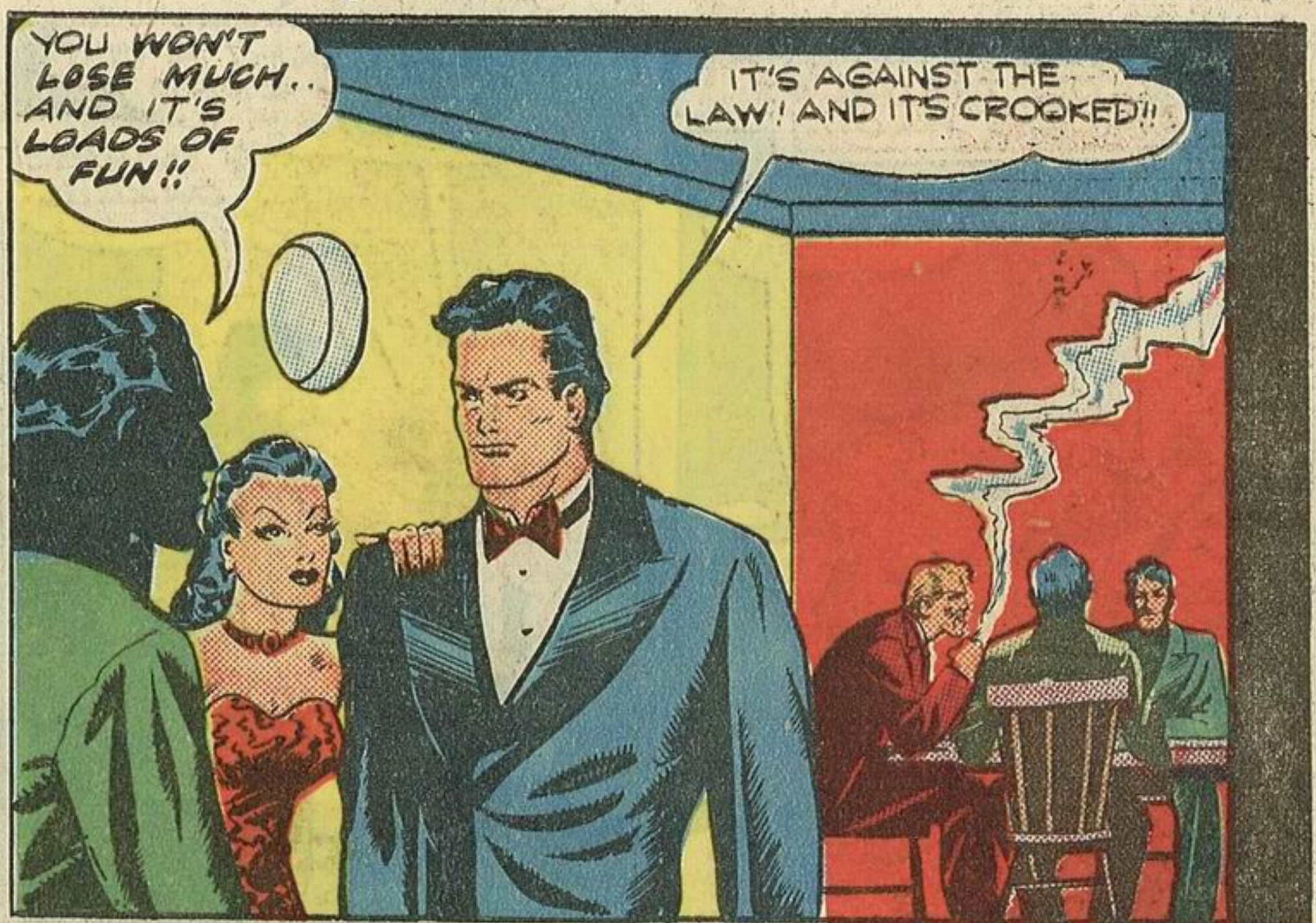
AND AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS



MEANWHILE ABOARD A YACHT OFF THE ATLANTIC COAST, ARE DARREL DANE (THE DOLL MAN), MARTHA HIS FIANCEE, AND BERT BELMONT THE OWNER...









THE GONDOLIER GRABS FOR MARTHA AS THE THUG'S BULLET GOES WILD...

GOT YOU!

MISSED!

DROP YOUR GUN! IF YOU VALUE THIS YOUNG LADY'S LIFE!!

DARREL! DARREL!

MARTHA'S FRANTIC CRIES COME TO DARREL DANE AS HE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS AND

ONLY ONE WAY TO FIGHT NOW AS THE DOLL MAN!!

COWARD! USING A GIRL TO SHIELD YOURSELF!!

HA! HA! HA! THOSE ARE STRONG WORDS COMING FROM A LITTLE DOLL!!

THE DOLL MAN JUMPS...

FOOL!!

DAZED BY THE SHARP BLOW UPON HIS HEAD, THE DOLL MAN SLOWLY REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...

HE DISAPPEARED OVER THE RAILING WITH A GIRL!!

GONE! AND WITH MARTHA!! GOT TO ACT FAST!!

RUSHING TO THE DECK, DOLL MAN DIVES OVER BOARD TO WHERE THE BLACK GONDOLIER HAD DISAPPEARED WITH MARTHA

DON'T TRY TO SHRIEK! OR I'LL ... !! THERE'S THAT LITTLE MAN AGAIN LOOKING FOR YOU!! BUT WAIT HE'S HE'S CHANGING SIZE!!!



UNAWARE THAT THE BLACK GONDOLIER HAS SEEN HIM MAKE THE CHANGE, DOLL MAN FORCES HIS WILL AND BECOMES DARREL DANE...

AS FRIENDLY ROPES LIFT HIM TO THE SURFACE, DARREL DOES NOT REALIZE THAT MARTHA IS SO NEAR YET SO FAR...

DID YOU SEE HER!!

NO.. SHE DISAPPEARED.. VANISHED...

BETTER GO TO THE CABIN AND DRY!!



LOCK THE DOOR! WE'VE GOT SOME BUSINESS TO TALK OVER AND WE DON'T WANT HIM BUSTIN' IN ON US!

FINDING THE DOORS LOCKED, DARREL DANE BECOMES THE DOLL MAN AGAIN AND FINDS AN ESCAPE OPEN TO NO ORDINARY MAN...

BELMONT'S ROOM...

THIS GONDOLIER'S GOT A GOOD RACKET.. RAIDING SHIPS!!

THERE'S A LARGE SHIPMENT OF GOLD BULLION COMING IN ON THE S.S. STANTON.

SO!!



SUDDENLY...

NO POINT IN STAYING AROUND.. MARTHA IS NOT ABOARD... BUT SHE MUST BE SOMEWHERE NEAR THE HARBOR...

MEANWHILE THE BLACK GONDOLIER TAKES MARTHA TO HIS SHACK WHERE HE KEEPS HIS LOOT...

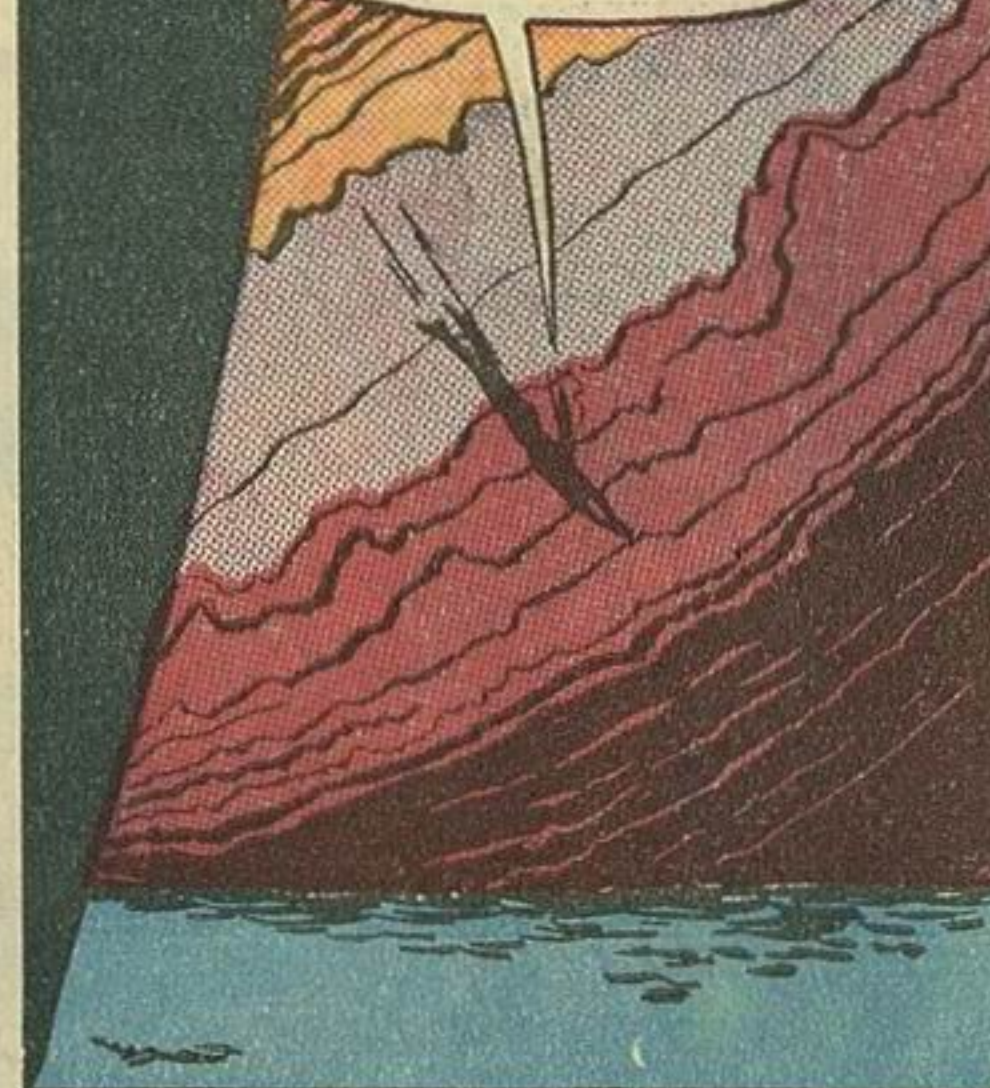
LUCKY I JUMPED!!

BOSS! DANE'S GONE!! AND HIS DOOR IS STILL LOCKED!

SEARCH THE SHIP AND DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY ALIVE!!

KIDNAP ME, WILL YOU?! I'LL SHOW YOU!!

PUT DOWN THAT VASE!! IT'S WORTH TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!!









SEEMINGLY TRAPPED, DARREL DANE BECOMES THE DOLL MAN AND SCALES THE BRICK-WALL.

BE CAREFUL, DARREL!!



ONE SIDE BUD!!



LOCATING A ROPE, DOLL MAN RESCUES MARTHA...

... AND IF HE COMES BACK, CROWN HIM!!

DON'T WORRY! JUST PULL ME OUT OF HERE!!



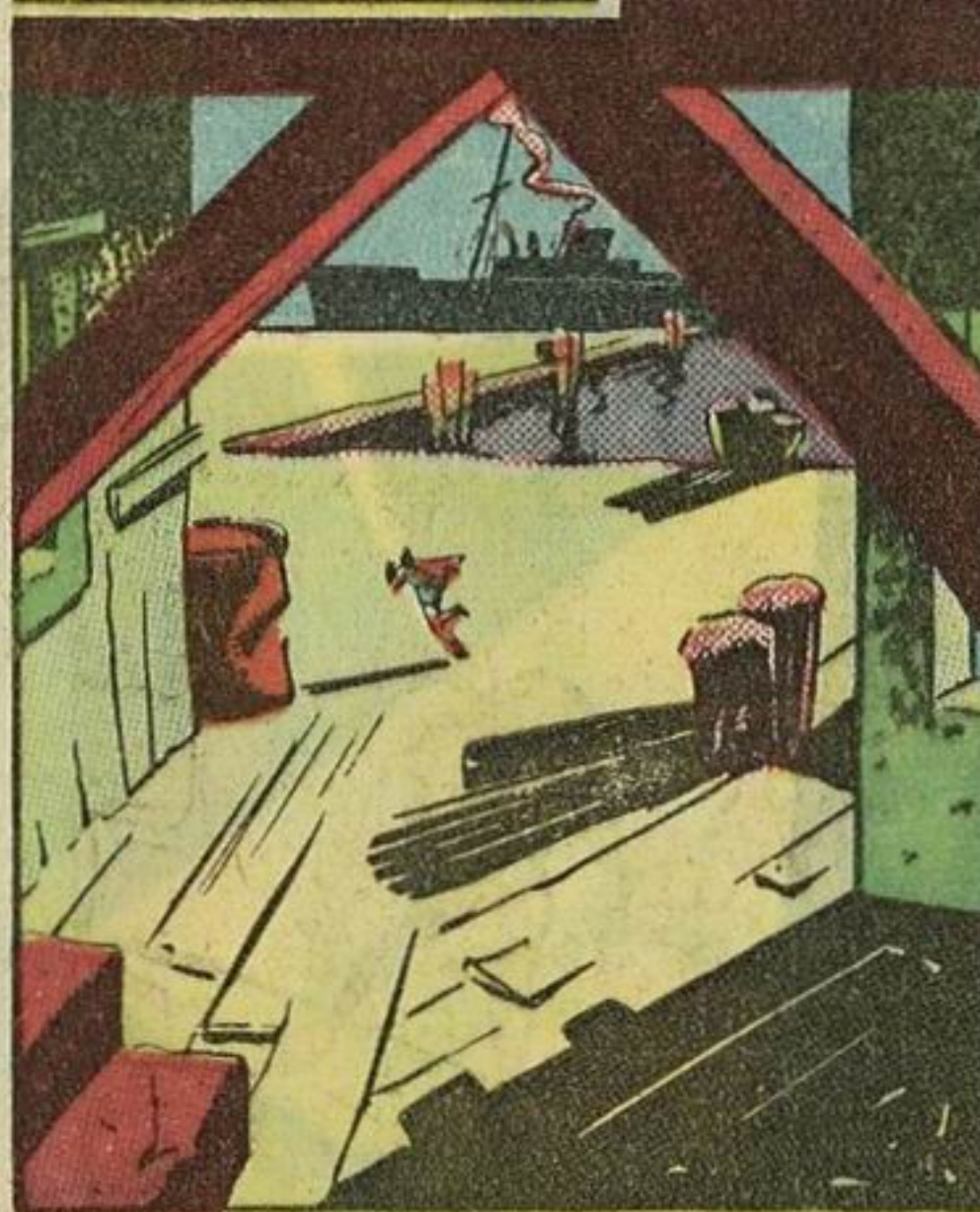
AS MARTHA CLIMBS OVER THE EDGE, DOLL MAN TURNS AND STREAKS THROUGH THE WINDOW...

SO LONG

I'LL BE BACK!!



AND HEADS TOWARD THE S.S. STANTON...



I AM IN LUCK! THERE'S BELMONT AND HIS MEN ALL DRESSED UP AS TREASURY MEN!!

WE'RE FROM THE U.S. TREASURY.. ORDERED TO CONFISCATE THE GOLD BULLION IN YOUR HOLD!!



QUITE A GAME!!

BUT WE HAVEN'T BEEN TOLD OF ANY CONFISCATION!!

WELL, NOW I'M TELLING YOU!!



SUDDENLY...

WHO SHOT OUT THE LIGHTS?

I DID! THE BLACK GONDOLIER!!



HE'S GETTING AWAY WITH THE GOLD!!

OUCH! IT'S ME... BELMONT!!





MEANWHILE, THE CAPTAIN MAKES A PHONE CALL TO THE TREASURY DEPT...

WHAT? NO TREASURY MEN WERE SENT?? THEN WE'VE BEEN ROBBED!!

WE'LL SEND THE POLICE RIGHT AWAY!!



AT THAT MOMENT...

HE GOT AWAY! JOE! GET THE SPEEDBOAT OVER HERE! AND DON'T LOSE SIGHT OF THE BLACK GONDOLIER!!



GET MOVIN' JOB!! THE COPS ARE RIGHT BEHIND US!!



THEY'RE GONE, SIR!! BETTER CALL THE COAST GUARD!!

NEVER MIND..I KNOW WHERE THEY'VE GONE!!



W..WHAT!! A PIXIE!!

NOT EXACTLY BUT FOLLOW ME AND I'LL LEAD YOU TO BELMONT...AND THE BLACK GONDOLIER!!



MEANWHILE, BELMONT ROARS IN PURSUIT OF THE BLACK GONDOLIER....



AND AT THE GONDOLIER'S WATERFRONT HIDEOUT, HE FASTENS THE ANCIENT DOORS..

NO ONE WILL EVER FIND ME NOW!! THE GOLD IS ALL MINE! HEH! HEH!



HE WENT IN THAT GATE!! DUCK YOUR HEADS! WE'RE SMASHING THRU!!



HURTLING THROUGH THE ROTTED GATES, BELMONT'S BOAT RUNS INTO A HAIL OF LEAD...

COME AND GET IT!! YOU FOOLS!!





MEANTIME, OUTSIDE AT THE JUNK SHOP, DOLL MAN ARRIVES WITH THE POLICE...

FOLLOW ME THROUGH THE JUNK SHACK.. IT LEADS TO HIS WATERFRONT HIDEOUT...



DOLL MAN HURRIES AHEAD.

HELLO, MARTHA!

EEK!! OHH.. IT'S YOU!! FINE THING!! A GIRL'S BEST FELLOW LANDING ON HER SHOULDER!



WATCH ME MAKE A BULLSEYE WITH THIS PLATE!!

ALL RIGHT... BUT YOU'RE ASKING FOR TROUBLE!!



GOT HIM! I... FOR CRYING OUT LOUD.. A DISH!!

SOMEBODY'S HEAVING THEM FROM UP THERE! IT'S THAT DAME, MARTHA!!



SEE!! NOW THEY'RE BOTH SHOOTING AT US

I..I.. KNOW... WHAT'LL WE DO?



THIS!!



ONE SIDE, BUD

WHY YOU...



TAKE A POKE AT ME, WILL YOU !!



SORRY PAL.. I HATE TO DO THIS.. BUT..

OOOOH!









LISTEN FOR ORPHAN ANNIE'S RADIO ADVENTURES EARLY NEXT FALL!

# Orphan Annie says—"BOYS and GIRLS!— TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF THESE SWELL GIFTS FREE

WITH SPARKIES  
GUARANTEE SEALS"!

... BUT HURRY!  
THIS OFFER IS GOOD FOR  
A LIMITED TIME ONLY!

IT'S THE OFFICIAL  
"WRIGHT PURSUIT"!

## GIRLS! Get this NURSE OUTFIT!

CAP  
FREE

With  
5 Guarantee  
Seals or 2 Seals  
and 10c



APRON  
FREE

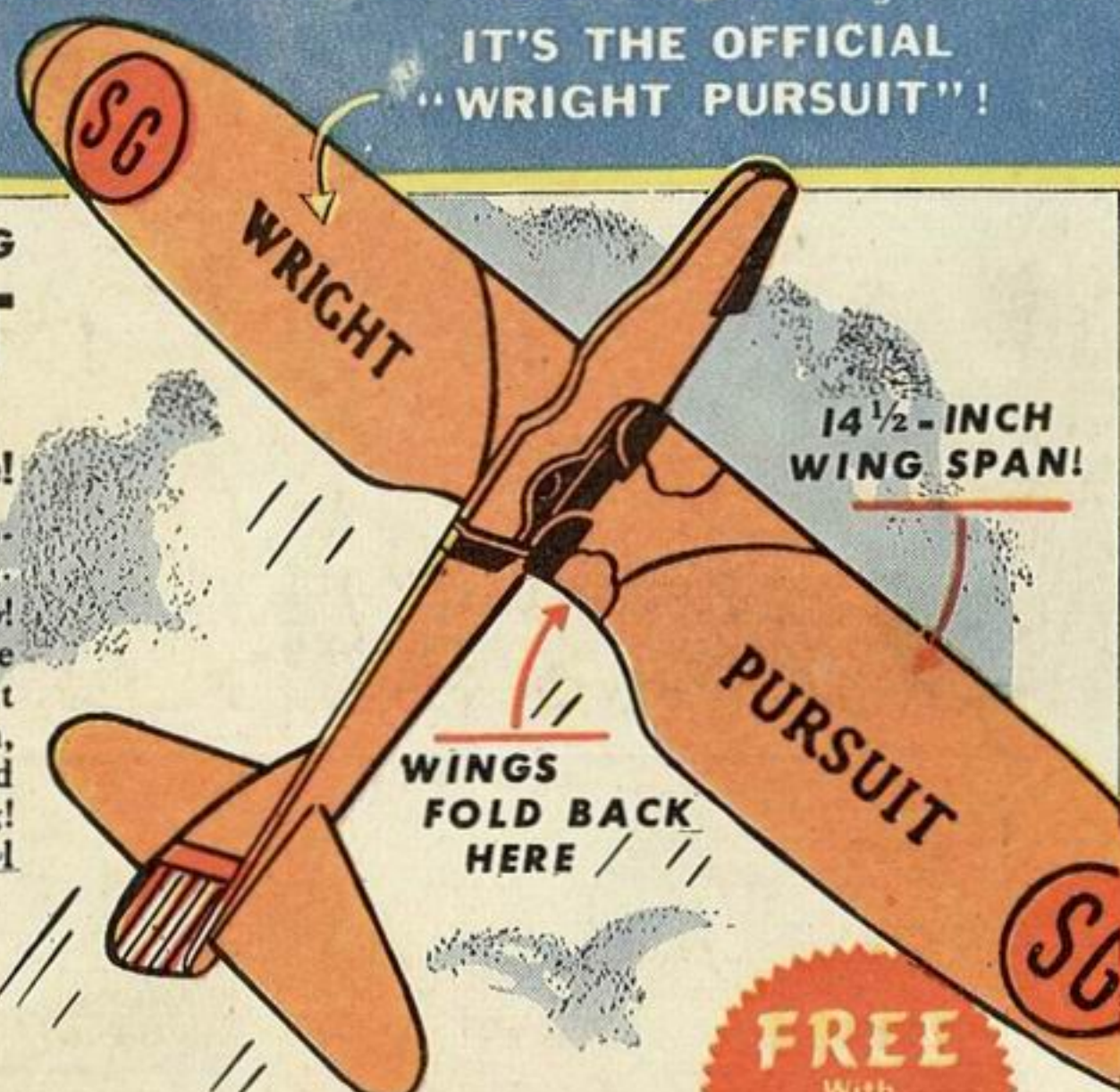
With  
5 Guarantee  
Seals or 2 Seals  
and 10c

Here's your chance to get in on things when the fellows are playing "defense"—they'll ask you to play, when you get for your very own, this beautiful snow-white cloth Cap and Bib Apron that look like a real nurse's! The good-looking apron ties in back—the official shape Cap pins around your head. And right on the front of both, you'll see the brilliant red official Secret Guard Insignia! Don't miss out on this—send in now!

## AMAZING FOLDING-WING CATAPULT PLANE

Like a Navy  
Fighter Plane!

New-principle plane with automatic folding wings to give it extra height and speed going up! Works on catapult principle, like a battleship's fighter planes. At top of flight, wings snap open, plane banks, stunts, glides and comes to a perfect spot landing! Built of bubble-light special Balsa wood with "tilt" device for folding wings. It's a wonder!



## FORM A SQUADRON

Let your friends in on this—because it's not for sale in stores! These special Catapult Planes are just for Annie's friends! Form a Squadron, play defense games, have fun with "endurance flight" contests!

FREE

With  
6 Guarantee  
Seals or 2 Seals  
and 15c



FREE

With  
6 Guarantee  
Seals or 2 Seals  
and 15c



## GIANT NINE-INCH PERISCOPE

Three times as much fun as ordinary periscopes because it works three ways! Lets you see around corners without being seen—lets you see in back of you without turning around—lets you see the whole world upside down, crazy as anything. Don't miss this fun!

## HI-SPEEDERS!

YOU NEED

## AVIATOR GOGGLES

Every quick, active fellow and girl wants these swell official-shaped goggles to protect keen sight when bike riding, racing, etc.! Unbreakable lenses, rimmed with soft plush for snug, comfortable fit. Adjusts to fit your head!

FREE

With  
6 Guarantee  
Seals or 2 Seals  
and 15c



AMAZING

## "SILENT WHISTLE"

Like Used for Training Movie Dogs!

Mysterious, startling high-frequency whistle can be heard by dogs and cats, but not by human beings! Train your dog to respond to it—amaze your friends and family! Solid bronze whistle also adjusts to blow piercing G-Man Whistle and to play easy tunes!

FREE

With  
7 Guarantee  
Seals or 2 Seals  
and 15c

## EAT DELICIOUS SPARKIES\* AND GET MARVELOUS FREE GIFTS AND HEALTHFUL "Vitamin Rain\*" BESIDES!

ORPHAN ANNIE, BOX L, DEPT. 55, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

I've told my Mother how "Vitamin Rain" adds vitamins B<sub>1</sub>, D and G to swell-tasting Sparkies, so when I eat Sparkies with fruit and a glass of milk I get almost half my minimum daily need of vitamins A, B<sub>1</sub>, C, D and G to help me be a leader. Now my Mother lets me enjoy Sparkies every day, so I'm sending in the valuable Guarantee Seals for the gifts I have marked. I enclose.....Guarantee Seals (or.....Seals and.....c).

☐ CATAPULT PLANE  
6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)

☐ NURSE CAP  
5 Seals (or 2 Seals and 10c)

☐ NURSE APRON  
5 Seals (or 2 Seals and 10c)

☐ AVIATOR GOGGLES  
6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)

☐ "SILENT" DOG WHISTLE  
7 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)

☐ GIANT PERISCOPE  
6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

(This Offer Expires October 31, 1941)

\* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.





Boy! The Bike Keds I am wearing  
were built for fast starts



Bike Keds

Missed me by a mile!  
Good footwork is a  
cinch with Stride Keds



Stride Keds

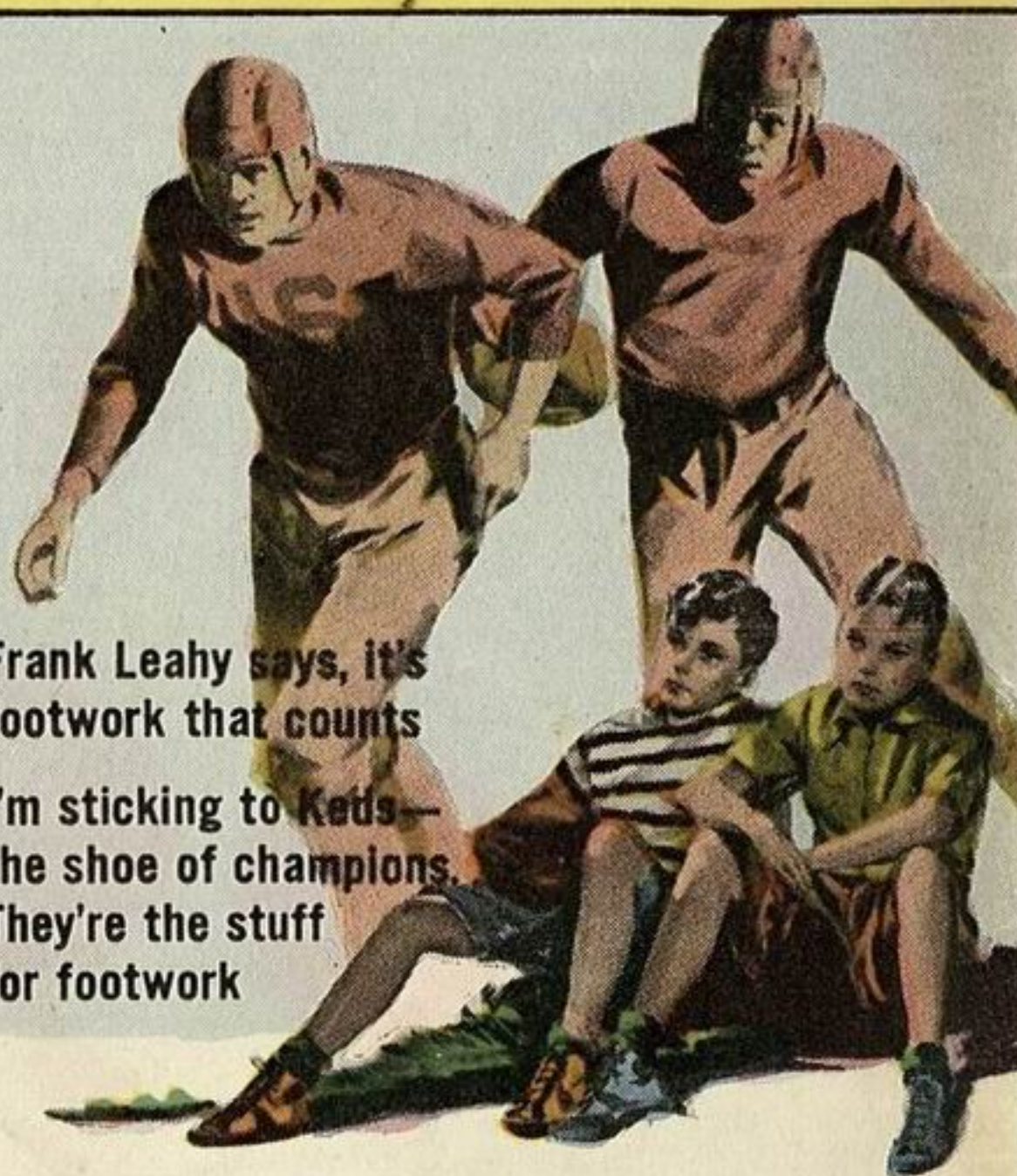


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